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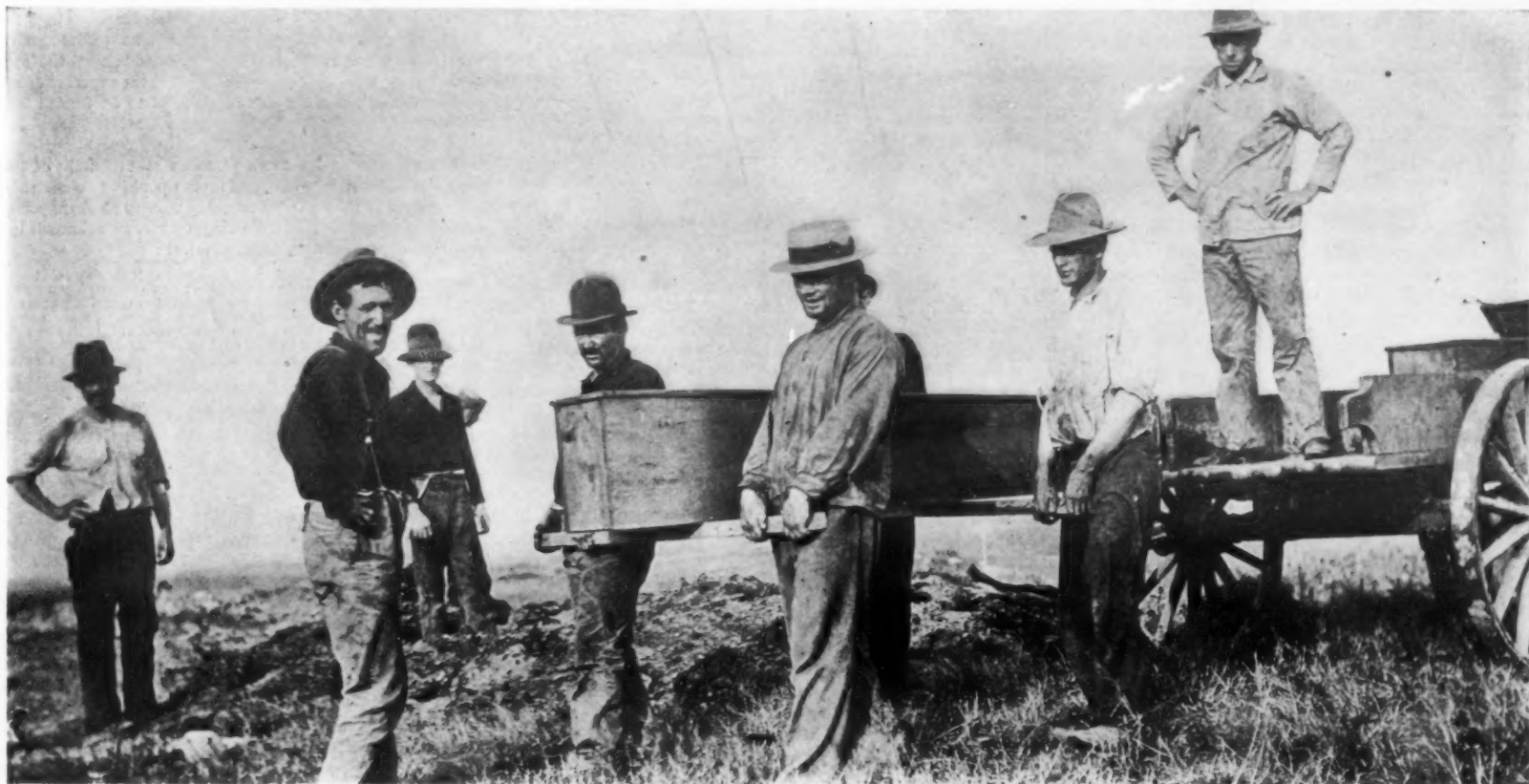
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXVII.—No. 2245.
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1898.

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OUR HEROIC SOLDIERS COME BACK FROM THE WAR TO FIND A GLORIOUS WELCOME AND A PAUPER'S FUNERAL.



A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL AT CAMP WIKOFF—CONSPICUOUS ABSENCE OF EVERY CUSTOMARY MILITARY HONOR.

HOW WE BURY OUR SOLDIER-DEAD.

"Some day somebody will start a subscription for a grand monument to stand over these dead soldiers, and the country will subscribe a hundred thousand dollars for it in the first twenty-four hours. Sounding words will be cut upon the granite and future generations will read them and thrill; but it will not be stated that in the month of September, 1898, Christian men in the conduct of affairs allowed these defenders of the nation, heroes with fresh laurels on their brows, boys most of them, whose only fault was that they died obscurely, to be packed into the ground by New York toughs, without a flower, without a tear, without military honors, without a line to mark their graves except some pencil-scratching on a shingle."

[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 229.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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SEPTEMBER 22, 1898.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
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One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

Subscriptions to all who serve in the United States army or navy at half these regular rates.

SPECIAL WAR RATE: One Dollar to January 1st, to all new subscribers who remit at once.

Worse than "Yellow Journalism."

TO arouse a mutinous spirit in the army and to dispel the patriotic sentiment of a nation seems to be the purpose of a part of the American press.

No one denies that our soldiers have suffered, in the camp, in the field, and in the hospital, more than they should have suffered, and that an investigation should be made promptly to put the blame where it belongs. But to charge the responsibility upon President McKinley and upon Secretary Alger is as cruel as it is unjust.

No great business establishment is ever conducted without occasional lapses on the part of subordinates, lapses sometimes of the most serious character. Efficiency in such establishments is only secured after years of experience with subordinates and years of trial of employes, under all the circumstances involved in the ordinary and extraordinary emergencies of life. The government of the United States is like a great business machine. It is the government of a nation. Those who are now at its head, the President and his Cabinet especially, have won the confidence of the nation, and have deserved it. If their subordinates have at times made mistakes, if they have neglected their duties, if they have failed to exercise the best judgment, if they have been indiscreet, even dishonest or dishonorable, there is no evidence that the ruling powers have not, in every instance where their attention has been called to such conditions, acted promptly and as effectively as possible in the interests of the people.

Sensational journals that are stirring up a mutinous spirit in the army should bear in mind that the war has not ended; that only an armistice has been declared—or, rather, a cessation of hostilities, pending the formal drafting of a treaty of peace. More than one unfriendly foreign nation gloats over the unpatriotic manifestations of certain American newspapers, and of some American public men. More than one of these nations would like nothing better than to see a flame kindled among the thoughtless that would light the fires of public disturbance and jeopardize our prosperous conditions.

The American people are like a flock of sheep. They follow a leader in any direction that he may take. They read too much and think too little. They fail to comprehend that we engaged in war with a nation fully prepared for the contest, while we were totally unprepared; that an army of a quarter of a million men was put into the field, equipped, supplied with medical stores and ammunition, and put into camps in charge of officers who were supposed to understand their business. The people forget that many of the men in the army, according to their own statements and those of their officers, failed to pay careful attention to ordinary sanitary requirements; that they looked upon the war more as a pleasure excursion than anything else; that they were as careless of their health in camp as they were reckless of their lives on the battle-field; and all this, while living under conditions and in a climate that required the exercise of unusual precautions.

We detract not one jot from the splendid bravery of our soldiers when we say this. Nor do we excuse or palliate the shortcomings of subordinates, who have clearly failed to rise to the requirements of emergencies. But justice to President McKinley, to Secretary Alger, and to the commanding generals of our forces compels us to enter a protest against the effort to impeach an administration that deserves, and has won, the confidence, respect, and gratitude of the American people.

It is possible that some newspapers are animated by a purpose to secure a partisan advantage out of the sufferings of our brave soldiers, but we cannot believe that either journalism or politics in this country has fallen to such a low estate.

Centralization in Politics.

It is a curious fact that in the two most populous States in the Union—New York and Pennsylvania—the centralization of politics has been carried to the utmost extreme. It is no less curious that this centralization is far more noticeable in the Republican than in the Democratic party, though the former has always pretended to be more democratic than Democracy itself.

The political sway of Senator Quay in Pennsylvania, so long uncontested, has led to a bitter fight against him, with ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker the leader of the contestants. In New York State, Senator Platt, more adroit and less courageous than Quay, puts forward his State committee as the representative of his power. In this action he has

revealed his customary discretion, which is the better part of valor, for a sweeping protest is heard from all sections of the State against the assumption by the State committee of the power of the party's State convention. The influential and widely-circulated New York Press bluntly notifies the State committee, and especially Chairman Odell and the chairman of the executive committee, that they must not undertake to assume the functions of the State convention and authority to dictate the party's nomination for the Governorship and for the other State offices which are to be filled this fall. The Troy Times joins in the revolt, and other influential papers, whose Republicanism has stood the test of many years, likewise protest against the remarkable action of the State committee.

Centralization of political power in a boss or in a committee of bosses is one of the most serious evils of our political system. It seems to defy remedial legislation, as it defies public opinion. Ultimately and inexorably it always invites the lesson of defeat at the hands of an outraged public. This centralization of power is the legitimate outcome of the assumption that "the Organization" or "Machine," as it has been aptly called, alone deserves recognition in the distribution of patronage. On the specious plea that "the Organization" represents the party, a few who control "the Organization" use this political control for absolutely selfish purposes. They demand the patronage, frame legislation, secure favors from corporations for themselves and for their friends, and wallow in spoils, while filling the air with clamorous protests against the recognition of any one, no matter how loyal he may be to his party, unless he is stamped with the brand of "the Organization"! Gradually, a political cabal has been formed to control conventions, from the primaries to the State convention, and when the outraged people of a district rise in their might, go to the primaries and elect delegates opposed to "the Organization" leader, this leader simply arranges for a contesting delegation, goes to the State convention, secures recognition from his associates in "the Organization," throws out the honestly elected delegates, seats the dishonestly elected contestants, and continues in power!

The Republican party in New York State has finally witnessed the culmination of this kind of politics in the shameful and public assumption by the State committee that it, and not the members of the party, constitutes the party itself; that it, and not the delegates elected to the State convention, should name the State ticket; that it, and not the Governor of the State and the Legislature, shall decide what bills can be passed and become laws, and what bills must be rejected. It is not so remarkable that the voice of protest is heard against this scandalous assumption as that the protest has not been heard before. It is fortunate that the protest has been heard thus early, for there is still time for a public awakening. If the rank and file of the party do not rise in their indignation and revolutionize existing conditions, at the approaching State convention, we shall have little faith in the party's future, for a party which will not honestly and fairly administer its own affairs will not honestly and fairly administer the affairs of state.

Onward!

THE American ambassador to Germany, the Hon. Andrew D. White, strikes the key-note when he says that "every part of the barbaric world brought into touch with civilization by an enlightened Power is a clear gain to all civilization." The march of civilization is one of the striking characteristics of the nineteenth century, and the question confronts the people of the United States whether we shall join in this march or stand stolid, silent, and indifferent to the demands of a progressive era.

The war with Spain was fought for humanity's sake, and for humanity's sake we should retain possession of the Philippines. This nation can have no nobler mission than to free the enslaved and to save the down-trodden from the oppressor. Spanish domination everywhere and through all the centuries has been the same. There is no such word in the Spanish lexicon as freedom. The frightful miseries it has inflicted upon the people of Cuba it has inflicted upon the people of all its colonies.

Providence has opened a gate of opportunity for us not only to reap commercial advantages from the war which Spain invited, but, better than that, to remove the hand of the oppressor from patient and long-suffering peoples. Shall we hold back at such a time? Providence has fixed the destiny of this nation as much as it has fixed the fate of Spain. We dare not refuse to do our bounden duty.

Abolish These Taxes.

A DIFFERENCE of opinion exists among financial experts regarding the propriety and feasibility of an early reduction in the war taxes proposed under the revenue act approved last June. Representative Dingley, one of the ablest exponents of political economy in Congress, believes that most of our war taxes will remain, as they are not annoyingly felt. Other authorities believe that all of the taxes will remain until the national debt has been extinguished.

If the party in power is wise it will promptly advocate, and take measures to secure, the repeal of that part of the war-revenue act which imposes stamp-taxes of one and two cents on trifling items of business and in directions where the people feel them as most odious, if not unnecessary. For instance, the tax of one cent on every ticket sold for a seat in a parlor car; one cent for every telegram or telephone message; one cent on a sale of, or agreement to sell, any products of merchandise at any exchange board of trade; two cents on bank-checks, drafts, etc. These are trifling taxes, yielding little, if anything, in revenue, but obtruding themselves on the public at every turn. Nothing but a serious war emergency justified their imposition, and with the passage of this emergency their repeal is demanded by the people. That political party which first indorses the demand for a repeal will grow greatly in public favor.

The increased tax on fermented liquors, the special taxes on bond-brokers, amusement places, bankers, etc., and the additional taxes on tobacco and snuff and the dealers in the same, the taxes on legacies, etc., are paid by comparatively few persons, and these are well able to pay them. They bring in large returns without imposing severe hardships. A successful

scheme of taxation must be one that will produce the best results while creating the least hardships. President McKinley will be wise if he realizes this situation and promptly calls the attention of Congress to its duty in reference to the repeal of the most trifling and, at the same time, the most odious, oppressive, and unpopular of the stamp taxes.

A Startling Revelation.

THE stories of the ill-treatment of our sick and wounded soldiers in camps and hospitals, and of the unnecessary hardships inflicted upon many of those who were well, are now supplemented by the narrative of the well-known writer, Cleveland Moffett, printed in this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, regarding the heartless incidents connected with the internment of our soldier-dead at Camp Wikoff, Long Island. It is amazing that such a condition of affairs could possibly exist, and we ask our readers, after they have read the startling revelations of Mr. Moffett, to give us concisely and clearly, and for publication, if necessary, their opinions regarding this matter.

The Plain Truth.

THE inventive Yankee is still in evidence. During the last fiscal year over 40,000 applications for patents were received at the patent office in Washington, and one-half of the applications were granted. Patent fees paid all the expenses of the department and left a surplus of \$172,000 to be turned into the treasury.

The publisher of LE LIE'S WEEKLY sent a bundle of foreign illustrated periodicals, many of them Spanish, to cheer the lone-some hours of the Spanish naval prisoners at Annapolis, and promptly received the following courteous acknowledgment from the appreciative Spanish admiral:

ANNAPOLIS, August 7th, 1898.
W. J. ARKELL, Esq. My dear Sir—I have received your favor of the 3d inst., and the copies of the illustrated Spanish papers which you so kindly sent me for my staff and officers. Please accept my thanks for the same, which is one more grateful favor to be added to the many I have received in this country.
Yours respectfully,
P. CERVERA.

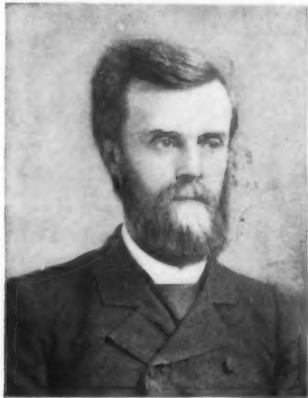
Talk about "yellow journalism"! What would be said of our leading newspapers if they should deliberately misrepresent facts regarding the policy of foreign nations? The American consul at Chemnitz reports that "almost every edition of the leading German papers calls attention to the opportunities offered by this war to lay the basis of a more permanent business with South American states; some go so far as to urge a policy calculated to persuade the South Americans that the United States is working to bring all South and Central America not only under United States influence, but under the United States flag." Our consul at Chemnitz advises American manufacturers to disabuse the minds of South American people of these false ideas, generated by the German press. The trade of South America naturally belongs to the United States, and we are getting a larger share of it from year to year. The best answer to the falsehoods of the German press will be found in the extension of our trade relations with the South American republics, under the fostering care of reciprocal treaties.

Newspaperdom, one of the wide-awake publications in the real interests of newspapers and newspaper publishers, heartily indorses the action of the New York Press Association in appointing a committee to confer with Governor Black, regarding the action that should be taken to put an end to the illegal and unwarranted use of street and other cars for advertising purposes. Newspaperdom says that this "is the first important step in the war upon car advertising," and, it adds, "there can be little doubt that much of the money spent on street-car advertising is diverted from the newspapers, and publishers are awakening to the fact that the street-car corporations, by exceeding legal bounds, have intruded upon the province of the newspaper." When publishers realize the fact that the great advertisers each year set aside a fixed amount for advertising purposes, and that every dollar apportioned to street-car signs is a dollar less for the publisher of legitimate advertising mediums, they will appreciate the value to them of the movement inaugurated by the New York State Editorial Association. Last year over \$2,000,000 worth of advertising was diverted from newspapers and magazines to street-car posters, and every advertisement in a street-car was posted in violation of the company's charter.

No philanthropy in a great city in modern times has been productive of greater good than that of Mr. D. O. Mills, in rearing spacious hotels in the crowded tenement districts of New York for the benefit of poor men. The Peabody tenements in London have not been a greater success than the Mills hotels in New York, the second of which has just been opened. Mills House No. 1, opened a year ago, and Mills House No. 2, just opened, accommodate together about 2,000 guests. Twenty cents pays for the use of a small apartment and a good bed in a finely-constructed fire-proof building, with luxurious reading-rooms, bath, smoking and lounging rooms. Fifteen cents pays for an excellent meal. Mr. Mills wishes it known that these are not charity institutions, but that they are run on business principles for the self-respecting, self-helping, and deserving poor. Personal inspection of the Mills hotels warrants us in saying that they are in all respects as convenient and comfortable as money can make them. Their philanthropic builder, who sought to give the poor wayfarer in New York clean and wholesome lodging and food in place of the wretched accommodations offered in the notorious Bowery lodging-houses, has alleviated much suffering, put a premium on thrift, and opened a broad opportunity for self-respecting men to conserve their moral well-being. So popular has Mills House No. 1 become, that it is said to pay a small interest on the investment. Its success marks the beginning of the end of the cheap and disreputable lodging-houses in New York City, and doubtless in other great cities in this country.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

= No portrait of Thomas J. Keith, perhaps the most remarkable pensioner, in one sense whose name has ever appeared on



MR. THOMAS J. KEITH.

the pension rolls, has ever before been published. Mr. Keith denies the accuracy of the popularly-accepted versions of his case. The truth is that he joined the Twenty-sixth Indiana Volunteer Infantry in August, 1861, and was honorably discharged in January, 1866. In 1884 he applied for a pension, and upon the certificate of the medical board was granted a pension of ten dollars a month. This was raised to fourteen dollars in 1889, and by 1892 had, by further increments, amounted to thirty-two dollars per month. In the latter year Mr. Keith wrote to the pension bureau, stating that he had reached the conclusion that he was not justified in receiving a pension. But the pension bureau went on sending him the regular monthly check, and Mr. Keith as regularly sent it back. Finally the payments ceased. In 1895 Mr. Keith desired reinstatement. Being again certified by a medical board as disabled, and entitled to a pension, he was granted twelve dollars per month. Last November he wrote to Commissioner Evans from Vincennes, Indiana, where he resides, inclosing a draft for \$62.80, and saying that this sum would complete the refunding of \$492.86 drawn by him upon his pension certificate originally issued in 1890. Mr. Keith's letter added that he had again found the same difficulties of conscience arise, had refunded the "first payment"—which was all he drew after his reinstatement—and that with the accompanying check his account with the government was squared. He could not, he said, "harmonize with honesty" his receipt of a pension for disability which the medical board said existed, but which he could not discover himself. Nor could he continue to draw a pension on the ground of "disability to earn a living by manual labor," because doing so classed him as a "dependent." He would wait for a pension until the government was willing to grant one free from any disability condition other than that of old age, and justified simply on the ground of an honorable discharge after a faithful war-service of four years and six months.

= A talented woman, some of whose stories have appeared in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, has just had the good fortune to success-



MRS. ANITA VIVANTI CHARTRES.
By courtesy of Dramatic Mirror.

fully present an Italian tragedy in Bologna, Italy. Mrs. Anita Vivanti Chartres is a versatile woman. She was born in Vienna. Her father was an intimate friend of the late Garibaldi, and distinguished himself in Italy's war for independence. On her mother's side, Mrs. Chartres is a niece of the German playwright Lindau. Her lyrical poems have been cordially received in Italy, and have attracted great attention in London. Mrs. Chartres's versatility is attested by the fact that she is the author of an English farce-comedy that will be produced in this country the coming season. Her Italian tragedy, "The Blue Rose," was written for the eminent Italian tragedienne Duse, but because of illness in the latter's family she was unable to appear in the initial performance at Bologna. Mrs. Chartres has been complimented by the Queen of Italy in person on the extraordinary success of her Italian tragedy, "La Rosa Azzurra." Mrs. Chartres, with her little five-year-old daughter, was staying at Gressoney, an Italian mountain resort, when the Queen arrived to review the troops encamped there. The Gressoney correspondent of *Il Resto del Carlino*, the leading Bolognese paper, writing under date July 7th, thus describes the incident: "Turning to the Marchesa of Villamarina the Queen asked for Madame Annie Vivanti Chartres, whom she knew to be present. Her Majesty then spoke a long time with the author of 'The Blue Rose,' the play that excited so much discussion on its production at Bologna last month. The Queen, who showed much interest in the conversation, said that she had been among the first in Italy to read Madame Chartres's poems, and that she had since followed all her writings with attention. She then spoke of 'The Blue Rose,' saying that she

had heard it was an original, strong, and courageous work. At this juncture Madame Chartres's fair-haired little daughter, looking like a butterfly, pressed close, and seeing the Queen smiling at her, held up her face and asked for a kiss. Its bestowal brought the conversation to a close amid laughter, but it was renewed later by her Majesty, who, as she was leaving, paid Madame Chartres many compliments on her English writings, but urged her not to neglect writing in Italian." "The Blue Rose" has excited an enormous amount of interest in Italy.

= Here we have a three-fold argument for an alliance with England which even the most rabid Anglophobist could hardly



THREE GRANDCHILDREN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

find the heart to resist. He would certainly have to yield if the smiling lips of this trio of happy little ones should utter the words which seem to be upon them, "Please come and play with me." None of the shadows that are supposed to lurk around the pathway of kings and queens has yet touched the lives of these little people, though it may be the fate of each of them to sway the sceptre and wear the crown of the mightiest empire in the world. These are three of the twenty-one children whose privilege it is to apply to the Queen of England and Empress of India the dearer, if not the nobler, title of "my grandma." Their fond parents are George, the Duke of York, and Mary, who before her marriage, in 1893, was Duchess of Teck. Master Edward has the good fortune to be the eldest son, having reached the royal age of four years; Master Albert comes next, with three years to his credit; and last, but not least, is Baby Victoria, who is scarcely "half-past one." Long may they live!

= All applications from women for hospital positions in the army or navy are referred by the surgeons-general of the United States Army to the hospital corps organized by the Daughters of the American Revolution for examination, and are filed in the offices of that society in Washington. To be placed on the eligible list of the army, the applicant must be a citizen of the United States, have had hospital training, be between thirty and fifty years of age, and must present indorsements as to good character and general ability. The highly important and responsible position of director of this hospital corps has been assigned to Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, M.D. Dr. McGee is the daughter of Professor Newcomb, the astronomer, and the wife of Professor W. J. McGee, the ethnologist and geologist. She comes of Revolutionary stock, being one of the vice-presidents-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Dr. McGee will take pains to make her corps the best-equipped women war nurses ever employed. Nurses who receive appointments in the army are paid railroad fare from place of enlistment to place of duty, thirty dollars a month, with board, and, if practicable, lodging. The Daughters of the American Revolution Hospital Corps supplies uniform aprons, but nurses are expected to wear their own dresses. Recently, Mrs. McGee received the additional honor of an appointment as a member of the medical staff, and was regularly sworn in as acting assistant surgeon. This place would entitle her to the uniform of a second lieutenant, without designation of rank. This was the first time that a woman ever received such an appointment.

= On August 1st Joseph F. Johnston was re-elected Governor of Alabama by a majority of over 50,000. It was the quietest election Alabama has had since the war, due mainly to the absorbing interest in the Spanish war, and because of the return of large numbers of Populists to the Democratic ranks. They argue that there is no longer any necessity for the Populist party, since the Democrats adopted the Chicago platform of 1896. G. B. Deans, the Populist candidate, was never in the fight at any time, although he had the indorsement and support of the Republican party. One of the surprising features of the election was the total lack of interest displayed by the negroes. This was especially strange in view of the fact that Andrew Jackson Warner, a negro and formerly a slave, was the nominee of a bolting faction of the Republican party, and was the first negro in the history of the State to be nominated for Governor by any party. But the members of his race gave him little support. Governor Johnston has been known during his first term as the "business Governor." A banker, he has endeavored to put every department of the State administration on a strictly business basis. Formerly the State had to borrow money to meet its current expenses, but now it pays as it goes, and the State debt is being steadily reduced. A system of thorough examination of all public officials' books was established, and has proved a



JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

great benefit. Governor Johnston is unalterably opposed to the imperial policy which is now being so generally discussed throughout the country, and he repeatedly expressed himself to this effect during the campaign. He is, of course, a free-silver man, though this issue was not brought into prominence during the campaign.

= Among the women to whom her sex is deeply indebted is Mrs. Florence Clinton Sutro, of Riverside Drive, New York, the wife of Theodore Sutro, the well-known lawyer, at one time the president of the Comstock Mining Company. Mrs. Sutro studied law in order that she might the more completely sympathize with her husband in his work. Many women similarly situated have been led to follow her excellent example. She is not only a good lawyer, but very beautiful and amiable, a fluent and engaging speaker, and a rare musician. Her experience on various responsible committees in Sorosis and other literary clubs qualified her admirably for the organization of the Federation of Musical Clubs, which she has recently accomplished in the face of great difficulties. Mrs. Sutro first came into prominence through her remarkable work in connection with the musical committee of the Atlanta exposition. It is seldom that a woman of her youth, wealth, and beauty has the discretion, the persistence, and the ability to perform such original and arduous work. The story of it forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of woman's progress in this country. Every American woman is grateful for the devoted and successful exertions of this charming and gifted young musician. That musical composition is becoming a usual thing among women, and that the attention of many talented girl-students is being directed to the higher branches of musical study, is in no small degree owing to the loving and indefatigable work of Florence Clinton Sutro.

= The pen with which President McKinley signed the declaration making Cuba free was presented to William Alden Smith, who represents the Fifth Congressional District of Michigan. Mr. Smith was a newsboy in the city of Grand Rapids twenty years ago. Once, while attempting to make his way to Lansing, Michigan, he was ejected from the train because of his inability to pay the fare. To-day he is general counsel of the same railroad system, and is himself a railroad projector. He is only thirty-four years old, but is a veteran in politics. During the campaign in Michigan last fall he made over a hundred speeches, traveling day and night. His oration at the Tippecanoe Club at Cleveland, where President McKinley was a guest, and at the banquet of the Lincoln Club at Portland, Maine, where he went at the special invitation of Speaker Reed, established his reputation as a man who had something to say and knew how to say it. He accompanied Senators Thurston, Gallinger, and Money on many trips to Cuba, and from the first has been the staunchest friend of Cuban independence. One of the most admirable qualities of the man has been his tender solicitude for the welfare of his parents, whose sole support he has been since he was twelve years old. He has built for them a handsome home at Grand Rapids, near his own.

= Miss Annie Paulding Meade, the accomplished daughter of the late Admiral Meade, and granddaughter of Commodore Richard Worsam Meade and Admiral Hiram Paulding, United States Navy, who was Midshipman Paulding in Miss Sewell's engaging story, has entered the lecture field. Some years ago Admiral Meade wrote a number of lectures, to be read before the National Geographical Society and the Army and Navy Club at Washington. At the time he was stricken down in his last illness Admiral Meade was making arrangements to deliver these interesting lectures in the large cities of the country. Miss Meade was deeply interested in her father's work, and assisted him in the preparation of the lectures. She has taken them up where her father laid them down, and is preparing for a tour of the country. All her talks are illustrated by stereopticon views, many of which are from the admiral's own collection of photographs. The titles of her talks are: "The Caribbean Sea, the Mediterranean of Our Western World," "A Winter Voyage Through the Straits of Magellan," and "Commodore John Paul Jones, the Sponsor of the Stars and Stripes on the Ocean." There is a charm and grace about the young lady that have long been recognized.



MRS. FLORENCE CLINTON SUTRO.



WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.



MISS ANNIE PAULDING MEADE.
Photograph by Davis, Boston.



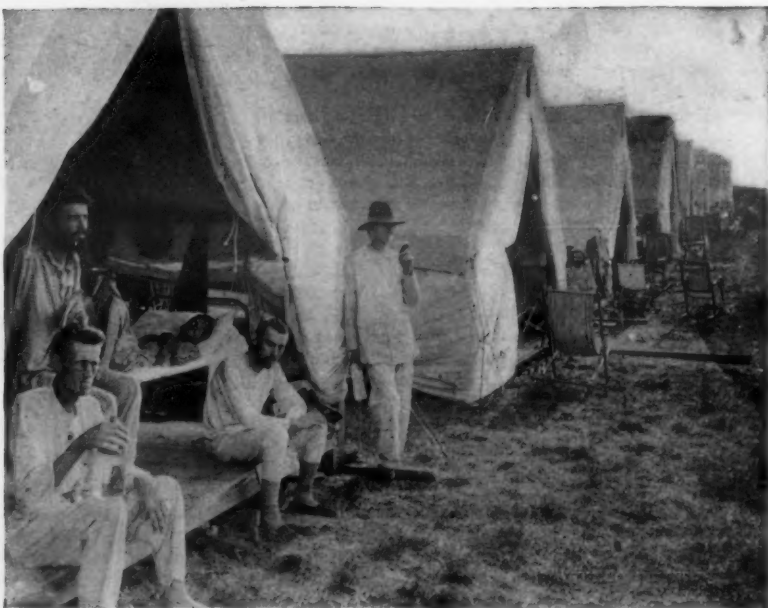
NURSE BATHING A SOLDIER ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL CAMP—THE SOLDIER IS JAMES WILKISON, COMPANY H, SIXTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS.



GIVING MILK TO A PATIENT VERY LOW FROM TYPHOID FEVER, IN THE NEW HOSPITAL.



HOW FEVER PATIENTS ARE CROWDED IN THE HOSPITAL.



TAKING AN AIRING DURING THE HOT WAVE, IN DETENTION CAMP.



HURRIEDLY CONSTRUCTING ADDITIONAL NEW HOSPITALS AT DETENTION CAMP.

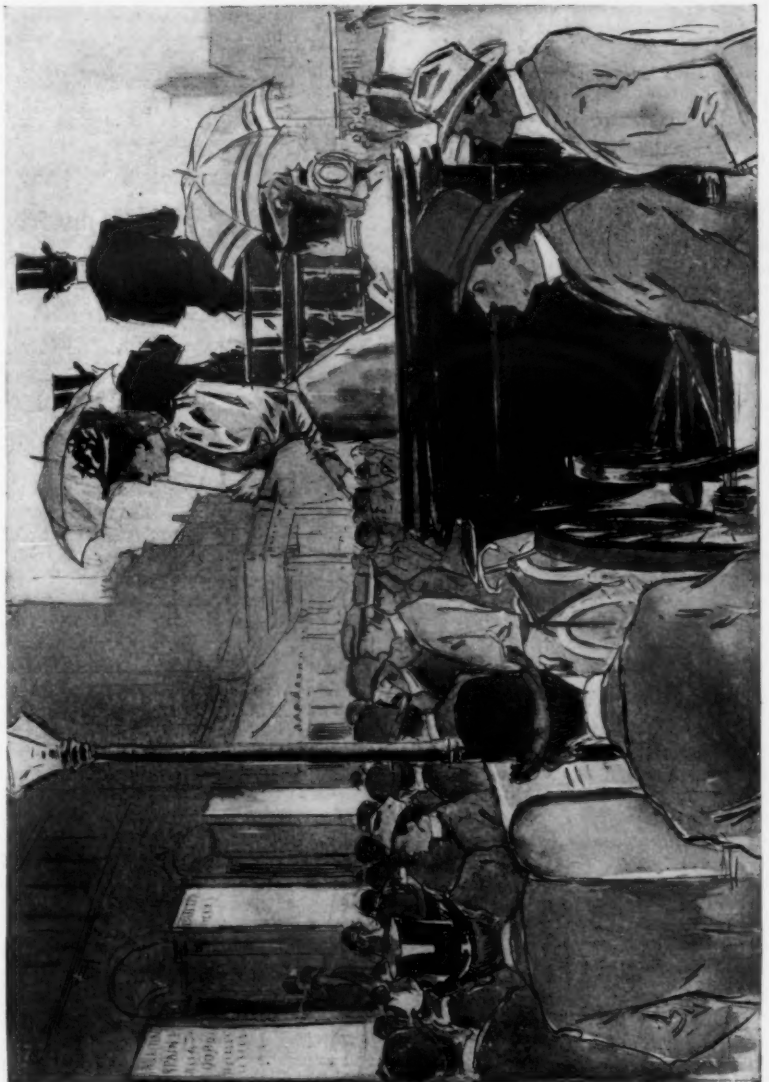
CARING FOR THE SICK AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.
STURDY SOLDIERS WHO ESCAPED THE PERILS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD FALL VICTIMS TO THE DEADLY FEVER.



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY LONG GIVING OUT OFFICIAL INFORMATION TO THE EAGER REPORTERS, WHO USED EACH OTHER'S BACKS FOR WRITING-DESKS.



NEWSPAPER ROW AT CAMP ALGER—PUTTING UP THE BULLETINS FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE CAMP.



NEWSPAPER BULLETINS AT WASHINGTON—THE WIFE OF SECRETARY LONG READING THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

HOW HUSTLING NEWSPAPERS COVERED THE NEWS IN THE MIDST OF THE WAR EXCITEMENT IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

STORIES OF THE WOUNDED.—IV.

HOW IT FEELS TO SEE MEN SHOT BESIDE YOU—ONE CASE WHERE AMERICAN SOLDIERS WERE AFRAID—THE NARRATIVE OF AN IRISHMAN.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

THE day was sweltering hot—worse than Santiago, some of the boys said—but ward forty, where the soldiers were, was fairly cool. The line of cots looked like a row of doll's-house tents, for the coverings were held up by peaked frames to leave the bodies free. Convalescents in pajamas hobbled about on crutches or navigated down the line on rolling-chairs. Behind a white screen doctors and nurses talked in low tones over an amputation case. In front of the pavilion, under the trees, some of the wounded were resting, patient-eyed, waiting for bones to knit and bullet-holes to fill up. Some talked a little, some were silent. One showed a face of jaundiced yellow; that was because his liver had been shot through and didn't work properly.

A young Irishman was discoursing to a group on the porch. He was a private in the Sixth Infantry, and his right foot was swathed in a big bandage.

"So this Spanish general," he was saying, "sent word that American soldiers were devils and couldn't be killed. He swore he saw one of our men killed ten times on San Juan hill, and every time they killed him he got up and came on harder than ever. The general said it wasn't a square deal, because you could only kill a Spanish soldier once."

The others laughed at this, and the man with the perforated liver said in a whisper that if we had been on top of San Juan hill all Europe couldn't have got us off. I have noticed that the one and only point where Uncle Sam's soldiers all agree is in their contempt for the Spaniard.

"How many times did they kill you?" I asked the Irishman. "They never hit me at all going up, but I got a little gay over the ridge, didn't keep down enough, you know, and they smashed my foot. The queer part of it was I didn't know where I was hit—I felt it all over alike. It was in my head and in my right arm and in my left leg, and at last I found it in my left foot. But I was in great luck to get off so easy."

From the way he said this I felt sure he was remembering something worth while, which is a great thing, for some soldiers can only fight. So I turned him back to the beginning.

"Well," he said, "we lay there in Bloody Bend that Friday morning about four hours, say fifty yards beyond Bloody Bend, but it was plenty hot enough. On one side of me was a fellow who'd been telling us the night before how he was sure he'd be killed. I watched him when we started in firing, and I could see he was pretty scared—his gun wobbled a lot every time he tried to shoot—but pretty soon he braced up and aimed her steady as a tree; didn't seem to mind the bullets at all. Then, zip, one caught him in the right arm and swung him round, and, zip, another one caught him plumb in the heart and down he went. I opened his black shirt and saw the mark."

"No use monkeyin' with him," said the lad on my other side—I called him Dutchy; 'he's got his wish. Let's lay low a while and cool our guns off."

"I touched my gun-barrel and it was steaming hot, for we'd been letting 'em go pretty fast; so I stretched out flat in the grass, and the other lad he stretched out beside me."

"I'll take a chew, Dutchy," said I, 'if you'll throw it over.' So he threw me his pouch and I took a chew."

"Listen to them balls," said Dutchy; 'they fans me and they sings to me, but that's all. I ain't a-going to be hit.'"

"How do you know that?" says I.

"Easy enough," says he; 'there's too many folks a-prayin' for me up in Connecticut—good folks.'"

"Those were his very words, and then he got up on his knee and began firing the fresh load in his magazine. I don't believe he'd fired two shots when a bullet smashed him between the eyes, and that was the last of Dutchy. After that I worked there alone between two dead men, and listened to the balls' talk. Once I went over like a log, and thought they'd fixed me, but it was only a ball that had struck my cartridge-belt and glanced off. It bent two cartridges, though, all out of shape, and it made me sick at the stomach. After that I didn't like to look at Dutchy, for the inside of his head was all over his face, so I threw some grass on him; and about two hours later I threw more grass on him. You soon get enough of a dead man down there when the sun is hot."

I asked the Irishman if he had been much shocked or impressed by this sudden death of his comrades, but he recalled no particular sensations.

"It didn't seem horrible to me," he said, "and it didn't make me afraid. I just wanted to get back at those Spaniards. It was murder I had in my heart as I went up that hill; perhaps it's more high-toned to call it the rage of battle, but I guess it was murder all right."

"Would you have shot a wounded Spaniard?"

"That depends. If he was lying helpless he'd have been safe enough; we gave water and stuff to eat to plenty of Spaniards dying in the trenches. But there was one wounded Spaniard there who got up on his elbow and shot one of our officers through the back of the head with a pistol, and his body wasn't big enough to hold the bullets we put into it."

"Served him right," said the jaundiced man.

So the talk ran along for a time, and presently I asked the Irishman if he had seen any cowards among our soldiers. I had asked many of the boys that question.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. We're all Americans here and don't need to be told that we're good people, but Americans get rattled once in a while, and here's a case I saw. It was the day after I got hit, about ten o'clock in the morning. They were taking me down to Siboney with a lot of others. There were nine wagons in the train, and the boys were packed in six or eight to the wagon, all hurt more or less, some dying, some in terrible pain. You know those army-wagons have no springs, and the mules just ripped us over rocks and trees and every blamed thing there was on the mountain. Now you can guess how that feels, bumping and tearing along when your thigh-

bone is smashed or your stomach split open, or you've got a bullet through your neck. Some of those boys were yelling to beat the band, and they had something to yell about."

"Pretty soon we met a regiment of volunteers from a certain Western State. I am not saying any names, but they'd none of them been under fire, and were coming up now to get their first dose. I don't suppose it cheered them up much to hear all this racket from the wounded train, and see the blood, and so on; it wouldn't cheer anybody up. And just then the men ahead fired a volley at sharpshooters or something, and that settled the business. Those boys turned and ran like rabbits; they hid behind our wagons, and a lot of them jumped right in on us; they were scared most to death. But when the officers had cursed them into line again they went ahead as if nothing had happened. And you can bet your life when they got on the firing-line nobody knew they'd been afraid. But they had been, just the same."

The Glad Tidings of Peace.

HOW THEY WERE RECEIVED ABOARD THE "NEW ORLEANS" IN THE HARBOR OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO—A GREAT DAY FOR THE NAVY.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW ORLEANS," OFF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, August 15th, 1898.—The grim, yellow walls of old Morro frown upon us no more. We are lying in their mighty shadow. The white flag of peace floats from their time-stained ramparts, and our proud army covers the green cane-fields beyond the city. There is a cessation of hostilities, but its exact import we do not know. We hope that it is the beginning of the end. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon we were lying with the *Cincinnati* in our regular position—six or eight miles off shore. The heat was intense, the least exertion caused us discomfort, so we lay in the shade of the awnings and prayed for peace. Suddenly there was a commotion on the bridge, and one of the signal-boys, running aft, called, "They are signaling from the fort."

The message was started by the hoisting of a white flag and an international signal which meant, "Give attention, Americans." What followed was imperfectly translated by this vessel, but, according to the "log," they said that they had received "signed reports of peace," "were surrounded," and "wished permission to send a boat to St. Thomas." In the meantime one of our small yachts—the *Frolic*—joined us; and soon we were steaming slowly, in—having been informed that we might "come to anchor outside the fort without distress." We were warned not to enter without a pilot, and remained outside during the night at a safe distance from shore.

This morning a boat with officers from the *Cincinnati* pulled into the harbor, and about noon they returned, towed by a steam-yacht belonging to the friendly enemy. Yesterday we would have blown each other out of the water; to-day we pat each other on the back and say "Brother." We are lying about a quarter of a mile from the forts. We can plainly see the scars where Sampson's shells tore through the embankments, the yellowish-white walls of a "bull ring," and the terraces which have been lined with spectators all day. The end seems not far off now, and we are satisfied and happy. A few days more will give us the particulars of the situation, and we can wait patiently until then.

P. WINTERMUTE.

Preparing for Battle.

QUICK WORK ON A MAN-OF-WAR WHEN THE ORDER COMES TO GET READY FOR ACTION.

ONE forenoon, while at anchor with the flying squadron, suddenly my friend Davide, of the *Massachusetts*, passed through my calvarium, so I then and there decided to run over and breakfast with him. I had hardly landed upon the upper deck when there rang forth in stentorian notes the order: "All hands clear ship for action." Once I was in touch with the *Texas*, and this procedure occurred weekly as a routine drill, but there is a difference in a first-class battle-ship.

The bugle sounds "Yankee Doodle," and then all is hurry and bustle. Each division first looks to the fire of the different batteries and clears away obstructions interfering with the range of the guns; for such objects, if struck by a projectile, would cause splinters. The awning stanchions are attended to. These are hinged so they can be turned down flat on deck. Some boat-davits can be dealt with similarly, but others have to be dislocated, as it were, from their sockets and lashed to the ship's side. Next the ridge-ropes (ropes serving the same purpose as a railing around a balcony, considering the spar-deck a balcony), and the life-lines, or lines stretched around the perimeter of the deck to prevent falling overboard, and situated lower down than the ridge-ropes, are "unrove" and sent below.

The well-polished brass hatch canopies are unshipped and sent below, and the skylights covering other hatches are either thrown overboard (in actual battle) or sent below. In place of these the hatches are covered with steel plates called "battle hatches." All accommodation ladders are unshipped and sent below water-line, or thrown overboard. A number of chests containing tanks filled with alcohol, turpentine, and like inflammable liquids are required to be kept on the spar-deck, as a precaution against fire; these, before a ship goes into battle, are cast into the sea. The lower booms, which we may have noticed when ships are at anchor, for small boats to make fast to, are lashed alongside. The sails of the small boats are loosened and passed underneath the boats, well wetted, besides which a splinter-net is secured under the boats.

When not at sea, the boats sometimes are simply dropped down and made fast to the stern of the ship. The next proceed-

ure is to have the signal men get ready to send and receive signals, and the covers of signal-books are weighted with slabs of lead, so that they may be thrown overboard in case of necessity. The flag-staff at the stern is taken down and the American ensign is hoisted at every mast-head. Two grapnels are procured for each quarter, to be used in clearing away wreckage which might come in contact with the propellers. This finishes the upper decks, which now have a very barren appearance, and one unwary might easily walk overboard were the ship to roll.

Below decks the busy workers are seen about the steel-protective deck, the engine-rooms, and the berthing-spaces. All ladders not absolutely necessary are to be unshipped. All mess-chests and "ditty" boxes (the sailor's trunk) are either stowed below the water-line or thrown overboard. Every water-tight door, save those for communication with the directing forces, is closed, and every fire-hose is connected up and led out ready for use. The surgeons arrange their operating-tables at either end of the armored citadel, and stand by to help the wounded to this retreat. In the engineer's department (which is below water-line) fires are started under all boilers, and preparations are made for steaming at full power and under forced draught. Steam is turned on engines that work the turrets, the steering apparatus, and the windlasses. All battle hatches of the protective deck are closed, and now the ship is ready to meet a foe.

JOSEPH ALFRED GUTHRIE,
U. S. S. *Alliance*, Annapolis, Maryland.

How It Feels To Be Under Fire.

A BRAVE YOUNG TEXAS SOLDIER'S REALISTIC DESCRIPTION OF A BLOODY ENGAGEMENT.

ONE of the most graphic descriptions of the battle that has been sent from the front, is contained in a letter written from camp near Santiago, June 29th, by John G. Winter, Jr., of Waco, Texas, to his father in that city. Young Winter comes from a fighting family; his grandfather, thrice removed, was on the staff of General George Washington; his father served under Fitzhugh Lee, and also under General Wheeler, in the Civil War; and, singularly enough, he has two sons, one of whom served under General Lee and the other under General Wheeler during the war with Spain. The young Santiago hero was graduated from the University of Virginia, and had the distinction of being the best all-round athlete of that institution. Previously, he was graduated from the military academy, where he and his brother, who was valedictorian, were two of the four who took first honors. Young Winters, with the rough riders in front of Santiago, and was severely wounded before Siboney, on the first day of July. It was the day before this that he wrote the letter from which we take the following interesting extracts:

The march was resumed with the regiment in line of battle; F troop, as I have said, on the extreme left, took position on the brow of a low hill. Except for the troops next to F, I soon lost track of the movements of the other men. Then came the most unique experience of my life, and one I shall never forget; both lines opened fire, and Mauser bullets began to whistle around our heads. The Spaniards were on a hill and in a sunken road immediately opposite to us, and in a position of no disadvantage. They had several machine-guns, which were quickly put in action, and then the men began to drop. You have never been under a fire of a gun shooting 300 times a minute; this is one of the first battles in civilized warfare in which it has been used. When the bullets strike the ground they all appear to do so at once, and as if they were strung out in a row. One man in my squad was struck in three places simultaneously. It would be difficult—almost impossible—for me to describe clearly my feelings during the first part of the engagement. I felt very much as if I was shooting doves, and held my carbine in the same position, advancing slowly, excited, and impatient for the order to "Fire at will." For the first half-hour I loaded, aimed, and shot as fast as my hands and eyes could work, but after a while the first excitement of the fight passed off, and I worked more calmly and methodically. I cannot say whether or not my shots had any effect, but for the most part I directed my fire toward a kind of block-house in which there were a large number of Spaniards. At one stage of the fight the enemy made a movement toward our right, and the troops on the left, considerably scattered, were ordered to march "by the right flank, double time." It was not until this moment that I realized the horror of war. There was a man named Irvine in our troop with whom I had been thrown a good deal. We had become as close friends as an acquaintanceship of several weeks could make us, and we had been fighting together a good deal. In executing the order just mentioned he was a little in front of me and to one side, both of us running; there were a number of dead around, and several wounded that had not been taken to the rear, and the sight of them stirred me greatly; but as I looked at the man in front of me the breath left my body for the moment as the whole top of his head flew up in the air, his skull blown to atoms by an explosive bullet. He fell heavily with a thud, and I ran on past his body, but I knew at last the meaning of the phrase, "The art of war." He was the only man that I saw killed; it was but a short time before the enemy were run out of their position, retreating toward Santiago. We lost about sixty killed, wounded, and missing, a little less than ten per cent., and the rough riders buried 105 Spaniards. A fitting end to the battle was the burial of our own dead; they were all put in one grave. The men were grouped with bared heads around the grave, while the chaplain read a chapter from the Bible; then all sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." "Taps" were sounded over the grave, and the services ended with prayer.



JOHN G. WINTER, JR.

Brothers in Bravery.

THE DEADLY CHARGE OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

["Brothers in Bravery," is a war story of the present time, dealing with the charge of the Seventy-first Regiment at San Juan hill, July 1st. Most of the details are authentic.—The Author.]

The shrill blasts of a bugle broke into the misty air. It was the unexpected call to arms at four o'clock in the morning.

Instantly a hundred dark forms sprang from the earth, some sprawling in surprise, others rising, still rolled in their blankets, as rubbing and blinking their sleepy eyes they tried to catch the quick, decisive words an officer was shouting in the distance. It sounded something like "Make instant preparation for forced march!" and the order was caught up and communicated throughout the weary rank and file. Those of the soldiers who had been kept awake by the fits and starts of rain all night, unable to sleep in their wet blankets, were the first to respond, but they were soon followed by the blanketed figures who started for the lines, throwing their coverings as they ran.

In a few seconds the whole regiment was a living, moving body, the bugles again drowning the orders of the commanders, the hurried footfall of the men muffling the sharp sounds of action.

"Twenty minutes for breakfast!" was the next order. The meal consisted of some hastily snatched cold bacon, cold coffee and hard-tack, which the men ate greedily in their excitement. Besides, to each soldier was given an extra ration which he stored away in his pocket, reserving it for a time when his next mouthful would be hard earned—perhaps too late for mortal good. To-day, in the front, a battle was to be fought somewhere; that every man knew. From sunrise till sundown, and perhaps till far into the night, the fight would rage undecided—it rested with them, the soldiers; with them rested a part of the honor of the American army. They had chafed to meet the enemy in the open field in mortal combat; the time had come. Every heart beating wildly and cheered with hope; the man whose stomach had before turned at the sight of raw bacon now consumed it as a tonic; the murky coffee he gulped down like a delicious stimulant. It was to be war now—war to the finish, war to the death. It could be no false alarm this time. Already in the ghostly darkness came the flash of a big gun, to be swallowed again by the rising mists. The men plunged forward in the gloom to take their positions in the march. Some had never seen a real battle yet. All wanted to go—were eager to go. None counted on the end.

Apart from the scene of action stood two men, one in the uniform of a captain, the other in the ordinary garb of a private.

Both were tall, striking men, stalwart, muscular and brave. One felt singularly interested in these big, six-foot giants—in the symmetrical lines of their bodies, the broad, strong shoulders, the splendidly poised heads, and their manner, which stamped them as American soldiers, at the same time men to be admired and loved. One noticed still further the remarkable resemblance of both handsome, young, sunburned faces. The broad brows were the same, the firm mouths, the jaws not too square for beauty, and the full, round, iron-gray eyes were strangely similar. And in these eyes alone shone a challenge to cowardice.

Was it merely coincident, or was there a reason? Brave men in the field are common, but seldom two were such images of each other. Even the regulation of their uniforms could not hide it.

Their identity, meanwhile, is explanatory.

They were Captain Joe Kerfoot, of Company K, Seventy-first New York, and his twin and only brother, John Kerfoot, a private in the same company. Brothers from day of birth, brothers in love and brothers in bravery, the war could not separate them. When the call came for volunteers, Captain Kerfoot went at the head of his regiment, and his brother became a private under his command.

Above the clink of musketry made by the soldiers taking their guns from the stacks, the captain spoke. He laid a firm, encouraging hand on his brother's shoulder. There was but a moment to spare. It was the last to be spent in loving fraternity. Soon Private Kerfoot would be one of the army and under his captain-brother's rigorous command.

"John, old boy, it's come at last!"

"I'm ready, Joe, and glad enough to go."

"In a few hours we shall be in the thick of the fight, but cleave to me, brother. Let us stay as close together as possible. Follow my horse with your eyes, and should the time come, which I trust to God will not, I may be able to give you a lift in the saddle."

"I'll be right along with the boys, Joe."

"But perhaps you don't realize what the day has for us."

"Don't I?"

Private Kerfoot held up his right hand, bound in a muddy piece of linen. A week before a fragment of shell had struck him in the palm.

"No, John, I don't mean that you will flinch. There isn't better stuff in the field. But keep close to me—behind my horse in the thick of the fight, if you can."

"I guess not, old fellow, thanking you for the invitation, but if I go down to-day it will be at first shot, like a soldier, not from what's left of a horse."

The man in the more significant uniform laughed.

"That's just like you, John."

"As you like. You're here to give me my orders and I'm here to obey them, but never that kind. But don't worry about me, Joe; think more of yourself. Perhaps you'll need your own horse before we get through." He held out his hand. "Good bye, old man. God bless you!"

Another bugle-blast told that the lines were hurriedly forming.

At that moment a young private led the captain's horse to him—a handsome gray animal, which was rearing restively at the imaginary smell of powder.

The young fellow saluted.

"Good luck to you, Captain Kerfoot," he said. "I hope we whip 'em out to-day."

"We'll try it again, youngster. But keep your wits this morning. There's a hard, hot fight ahead."

Captain Kerfoot threw the bridle over his arm. With a single graceful spring he was on his magnificent charger's back. He pushed out his hand to his brother.

"There is my last call, John. It's to the death now. This is the game we have all been so anxious to play—may we come out the winner?"

An anxious light filled the other man's eyes.

"I don't like the color of your horse, Joe. He is too light—too good a target for the enemy. Can't you get hold of another?"

The captain only patted the noble animal on the arched neck.

"No; he can't fail me. He's too spry for the Spaniards."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

It was the last grip of brotherly devotion before the battle.

Goaded by a touch of the spurs, the gray charger sprang forward, and Captain Joe Kerfoot dashed on to the head of his company.

Silently the other man stood looking after him. Something heavy lodged in his throat. It softened as the tears welled into his eyes. Private Kerfoot smiled through them.

"He is a brave fellow," he said.

In less than twenty minutes the Seventy-first was trudging over the uneven roads. Dawn had not yet broken, and there was but a faint gray in the horizon. Like a swaying serpent—a ghostly chain of spectres, they wound in and out the hills.

"March! March! March!"

The very earth beneath seemed to cry out the words, giving out a cloud of choking dust as some one kicked against a leaf which had protected the ground from the light rains. Everywhere was the tread of earnest feet. Everywhere soldiers kept step as best they could. No one knew just how long the march would last. Few knew where they were going. All they did know was that they were going on to the support of some regiment ahead, and in that support they hoped for victory. And as they trudged along in silence every man has his own thoughts. They may be of home—they may be those of ambition—they may be of the future. God alone knows the thoughts of brave soldiers marching along to that grave conflict from which some will never return.

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"

Who of those who have heard it will ever forget that muffled accompaniment to the tune of strong, hopeful hearts? The line falters, some one stumbles from stepping into an unseen rut, a weary one falls exhausted to the roadside, but, with those exceptions, the army goes on the same, with monotonous, regular tread—courageous, enduring, unflinching.

All at once a strip of light appears in the east. The eager eyes of the rank and file turn in that direction, for it means that night is gone and another day is heralded in—another day, of which some will never see the night. But still they march, cheered by the thought of uncertainty. No soldier looks for death. He looks to avoid it, but if death does come he wants the honor of dying at the very front. That alone is one of the sweet rewards of patriotism.

Following that strip of light, the horizon broadens to a halo of yellow, and slowly rising, like a disk of leering gold, the great lamp of day, the guide of gory battle, sails unmolested into the skies. The first shadows of the rank and file are falling long and narrow on the ground, along with the slender cactus and young palms. Hats are beginning to be pushed back from the fevered brows of the marching men, and the guns and ammunition are growing heavier.

Occasionally an officer dashes past on his horse.

"Close in! Stop straggling! Keep in line! Forward—march!" are the commands which strengthen weakening footsteps and awaken soldiers to duty.

But out from the rear, his perfect figure silhouetted against the flaming east, another commander gallops by, his big battle-horse steaming with perspiration. Captain Kerfoot's voice is heard all along the line.

"Courage, boys—I'm proud of you to-day!"

An honest cheer greets him as he passes, and tired men once again march with hope and ambition. Faith in his leader makes many a common soldier a hero.

After a march of two hours, by a circuitous route which becomes less and less wooded, the regiment nears the open field. A halt is called and they wait for the cavalry to pass. The Sixth, Thirteenth and Sixteenth regiments have already gone ahead, having been ordered to lead the attack. The booms of the big field-guns tell that the fight is on.

Captain Kerfoot draws up in front of his men.

"We halt here till we are needed for re-enforcement. The regiments ahead can't last long in this hell of fire. Every man to his arms and ready for the signal. I want you to fight like Trojans, boys!"

A savage outburst of enthusiasm greeted him; it was meant for loyalty, but it sounded more like an outlet of chafing fury, the disappointment in being kept in the rear was so great.

"It is our orders, boys. I can't help the situation, but be ready when the time comes; the Sixteenth are going down like sheep!"

"Look out! Look out!" came the quick command from another officer.

Like a rumble of thunder in the distance, or the hail of a thousand feet of frightened animals, a mighty sound came up from the rear and a mighty company galloped through the rank and file, scattering dust and stones to the winds, on to the open, on to the charge over San Juan's hill, three abreast, the First United States Cavalry.

"The rough riders!" came the hoarse yell from a private's enthusiastic throat. "The rough riders are going to the front!"

The responsive echo came from every soldier's heart in the form of a prolonged shout. But with a whoop and a cowboy's yell the immortal cavalry had gone ahead, still yelling as they rode, waving their guns and their hats till only a reverberation of the earth and a cyclone of flying dirt were left to tell the tale. The smoke of the battle-field soon hid them, their shouts were drowned by the scream of the shells. Several other regiments passed; one was composed of colored men who rode their steeds with all the bravery of their advancing white brothers. Another shout from the Seventy-first resounded in their wake, then an impatient silence fell over the rank and file. Chafing under

the restraint it was all the commanders could do to keep the men in check. The guitar-like ping of the bullets and the maddening shriek of the shell were too tempting music for these wildly beating hearts.

At last came the joyful order—the command they were all so impatient to hear, and the Seventy-first sprang forward to the field. As they plunged into the open, the murderous fire of the sharpshooters began to thin their ranks, but they pushed along, fierce for the fray and hot for revenge of their fallen comrades.

At length the Spanish positions were reached, and the volunteers made for San Juan's hill with animal-like bounds.

Captain Joe Kerfoot rode madly into the open, never wavering under the withering fire.

Not far behind, with no thought of death to deter him, followed his twin brother. Though the fire of the enemy was growing more dreadful every moment, he still managed anxiously to keep an eye on the prancing gray horse. Bearing his master in safety, the great animal plunged here and there into the broken ranks and over the bodies of the stricken men who were dropped to the earth by every volley from the Mauser rifles. All at once a horrible convulsion filled the air. Innumerable field-guns from the enemy's breastworks threw out a dreadful hail of shell, which burst directly over the heads of the wildly-excited Seventy-first. When the smoke cleared away Private John Kerfoot staggered to his feet and looked for the gray horse. All about him, unconscious of their wounds in the frenzy of their determination, the fallen soldiers were cursing fate and their inability to rush onward into the very zone of the battle; but he, wounded only slightly in the shoulder, seized his gun and looked into the direction whereat he had last seen the fleeting form of his brother.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

Life Insurance Facts.

ANOTHER of the assessment companies has gone to the wall. A receiver has been appointed for the American Life Association of Syracuse. The State insurance department claims that this association is insolvent. If its members had read this column and had taken my advice and put their money in one of the strong, old-line companies they would have had something to show for their expenditure. Another item of interest to the members of assessment concerns is found in the opinion just rendered by the attorney-general of Massachusetts, declaring that the fifty-cent war assessment levied by the grand lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen is clearly illegal. There is no end of trouble for the assessment companies, and their troubles have only begun.

"C. W. W." Buffalo: The Nederland last year reported total receipts of about \$314,000, and that it had paid to its policy-holders during the year \$308,000, and for miscellaneous expenses nearly \$237,000. It also reported death losses resisted at \$29,000. My own preference would be for one of the great New York companies. (2) I have already expressed an opinion of the Independent Order of Foresters. It is an assessment concern, and I do not think it offers the best plan of insurance. The Foresters is conducted on a better plan than most of the assessment associations, but I do not see how it can escape the usual fate of such organizations. (3) I have already spoken of the Union Mutual, of Maine. It is not one of the largest companies, but it makes a very good statement. I should prefer the plan you suggest to the one that you refer to as offered by the Nederland. (4) I see no reason to prefer the Union Mutual to the Mutual Life, of New York, the New York Life, or the Equitable. I think the Maine insurance law offers no better protection than the statutes of New York.

"O. A. S." of Bangor, Maine, writes that in the annual report of Insurance Superintendent Payn, of New York, he finds that the percentage of returns to policy-holders, from the date of the organizations of the respective companies, is larger in the case of the Aetna, the Connecticut Mutual, and the Union Mutual of Portland than for the Northwestern, which makes particular claims to paying large dividends, or either of the great New York companies. "O. A. S." asks if this is not an argument in favor of insuring in the companies that make the best showing in this matter. This is very plausible, but I beg to remind "O. A. S." that the table he refers to gives the entire premiums received and payments to policy-holders made from the respective dates of the organizations of the companies referred to. The company that makes the showing is the largest payments to its policy-holders is the Mutual of New York. But these payments go back further than those of any of the other companies—namely, to 1843. The New York Life, since 1845, has paid an enormous sum of \$254,000,000 to its policy-holders, and the Equitable, since its organization in 1859, has paid nearly \$275,000,000. Not what the companies have paid since their organization should be the chief factor considered, but rather the condition and prospects of the companies at present.

A Reader, East Saginaw, Michigan, wants my opinion of the Tribe of Ben-Hur and the Independent Order of Foresters. I am afraid that "A Reader" has not been very faithful in the perusal of this column. If he had been he would have read several opinions regarding these two assessment concerns. I certainly should prefer insurance in one of the great old-line companies.

"R. G." Topeka, Kansas: The Travelers Life and Accident Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, is one of the oldest and best companies of its kind. Its last annual report shows in its life department total premium receipts of nearly \$2,500,000 during 1897, and a total of admitted assets in the same department of over \$19,000,000; the "gross divisible surplus" reported is nearly \$1,800,000. Its annual report shows a very large and constantly increasing volume of business, and President Patterson has recently reported that during the first six months of 1898 a gain was made in the assets of his company of nearly \$1,350,000; a gain in the surplus of policy-holders of over \$522,000, and premiums received of nearly \$3,000,000. This is a most creditable statement.

"L." Milwaukee: The facts that you seek in reference to the Equitable Life, of New York, are, I think, all contained in a very interesting little publication issued by the Equitable and entitled "Growth and Present Condition of the Equitable Society." This book, I understand, is for free distribution, and I have no doubt you can obtain a copy by addressing the secretary, W. Alexander, at 120 Broadway, New York.

The Hermit.

Appreciative Words.

WE are in receipt of numerous letters from readers expressing admiration for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, all of which are very gratifying. It will be pleasant for our patrons to know that the circulation of LESLIE'S WEEKLY has never been larger than it is at present, nor its influence more widespread. One of our appreciative subscribers writes as follows:

My admiration for LESLIE'S WEEKLY increases with every issue. From first to last it has struck the truest note of vigorous American patriotism during this war. It has shown the world that it is the most brilliant and enterprising publication on the entire planet. The pictures of "Santiago and After" constituted a remarkable series, and the most complete on record. The work of Christy, Sheldon, and others of your staff is unexcelled. The editorial, "An Unconditional Surrender," in a recent issue, was compact and satisfying.

* * *

Any one desiring to have a first-class weekly illustrated paper will make no mistake in getting LESLIE'S WEEKLY.—Philadelphia Commonwealth.



THE BRILLIANT VICTORY AT SANTIAGO—ON

GUN NO. 1, OF GRIMES'S BATTERY, PLANTING A SHELL ON THE SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS IN FRONT OF THE SAN JUAN BLOCK-HOUSE—THE FOREIGN MILITARY AND BURST IN THE AIR, A FEW YARDS TO THE REAR.—BY OUR SPECIAL



GO—ON THE HILL AT EL POZO, JULY 1ST.

THE FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHÉS ARE ON THE RIGHT—THE FIRST SHELL FIRED BY THE SPANIARDS CAME DIRECTLY OVER THE TREE ON THE RIGHT
—BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST AT SANTIAGO, H. C. CHRISTY.—[SEE PAGE 234.]



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THE STORY OF THE WAR.—V.

The Fierce Battle of Caney.

AN EYE-WITNESS WRITES A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE BRAVERY OF THE AMERICAN REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS—AN EXCITING EPISODE IN WHICH AN ENGLISH OFFICER FIGURED.

On July 1st our camp was astir at an early hour. Many of the men had pitched their shelter-tents for the night before, while others slept with only the regular army blanket as a covering. This morning the great battle was to begin, yet in the camp there was nothing to indicate it. Excepting an unusual quietness, every one seemed busy with his own thoughts. The big, strong fellows crawled out from under their wet blankets and began preparations for their morning's meal, which consisted, as usual, of hard-tack, a small piece of fat meat, and coffee. Little camp fires were built, and small groups of men stood around drying their clothes. Thomas, the cook for headquarters mess breakfast, was ready, and we all gathered round, some seated on empty cracker-boxes and others on the ground. No one seemed anxious to talk, and we began the meal in silence.

Suddenly to our right was heard a deep boom, and Colonel Wherry remarked quietly that Capron's battery had opened on Caney and soon we would be into it. I was anxious to see the beginning and as much of the battle as possible, and knowing the regiments would not move until possibly an hour later, I hurried on to the little hill at El Pozo, where Captain Grimes's battery of four guns was planted. There I found the rough riders and several other regiments crowded in the yard and all about the old building. There were some Cubans there also. Up on the hill by the battery were groups of officers, some correspondents, and foreign military attachés. All were looking at the San Juan block-house and the Spanish intrenchments, which were directly in front and extended to the right and left as far as the eye could see. Between the Spanish lines and our forces was a deep wood and dense undergrowth, out of which rose stately palms, showing their white trunks and fresh, green tops. Little did we know at the time that out of these very green tops, even those which were very near us, were peering the keen eyes of Spanish sharpshooters, and that the wood was thick with Spaniards awaiting the advance. Our gunners stood quietly beside the guns while the officers discussed the distance to the block-house on which all the guns were trained.

Over to the left the white smoke from Capron's battery could be seen rising above the trees, and every shell could be traced by the white ball of smoke when it burst over the Spaniards in front of Caney. The distance was so great that with the aid of field-glasses we could just make out figures of the men. We could hear the steady pop, pop of the Krag-Jørgensen, and then the crash of the Spanish volleys, but all the time our men were advancing against rifle-pits and block-houses. The Spaniards were seen to retreat from one rifle-pit, only to take position in another. Our attention was turned from this by the captain of the battery. "Every one move to one side of the guns! Gun No. 1—Ready! Fire!" And the first shell went screaming like an express-train toward San Juan, and from that time on we saw little of the fight at Caney. After a few shots the range was found, and how those shells did plow up the ground, then bursting and hurling everything within reach into destruction! Several shells from gun No. 1 crashed through the tile-roof of the big block-house and exploded inside, and from the dust and smoke and pieces of tile thrown into the air, it seemed that each shell had completely demolished the building, but when the smoke cleared away there it stood, with its glittering red roof against the clear, blue, tropical sky.

When the Spaniards find we have discovered their stronghold they run their colors up, and twice they are torn away, staff and all, but they run them up again, and this time to remain for a while at least. Our troops now move forward, and regiment after regiment marches into the deep woods and, partially under cover of the trees, forms in line of battle. Suddenly a shout down in front, "Look out! Here it comes!" Every one either ducks or falls flat on the ground, and a Spanish shell comes tearing through the air, screaming like a wild-cat. It goes directly over our heads and bursts a few yards in the rear, hurling shrapnel and pieces of shell into the ranks of our brave men. Another follows instantly, and bursts in the yard in front of El Pozo. One man's leg is torn off, and others are badly wounded. A horse has its side torn open, and a piece of shell is lodged inside. How that poor beast did struggle for its life! In less time than it takes to tell it the air seemed alive with those screaming, hissing shells, bursting above, in front, behind, and everywhere else. One plunged into the ground in front of gun No. 1 and threw earth and sand over every one.

I cannot speak of the feelings of others, but for myself at this moment I suddenly discovered that if I remained where I was I might be in the way of the gunners, and I was forcibly seized by a strong desire to get out of that infernal place, and that with a "rapid-fire" movement. It is strange how one gets one's fill of warfare in so short a space of time. As I passed an artillery sergeant he clapped his hands to his leg and said, "I've got it!" and the blood spurted from an ugly wound just above the knee. In the bushes to the right of the battery a part of a regiment of cavalrymen were lying flat on their faces awaiting orders to move forward, and in an open space a few yards beyond were gathered three or four attachés, and about the same number of correspondents. There was one big fat fellow (a correspondent) whom I did not know, and who was so frightened that he appeared ridiculous. He had taken refuge behind a small tree, and would not leave it, not even to step out in the open to watch the fight. He continually talked to himself, saying, "Oh, this is awful! Why did I come here? I did not ask to come. It's my publisher's fault! And any way what's it all about? Why, we are fighting for a lot of measly, good-for-nothing Cubans, and our poor fellows torn all to shreds. Oh, Lord! I believe that shell is coming straight for this tree!" and this was the only man I saw during the entire campaign who showed signs of cowardice.

Out in front in the open we had a fine view of the entire fight. The war balloon moved down through the woods, keeping pace with the line of battle. All at once came a crash from the rifle-pits in front of the block-house, and along the entire Spanish line came the blaze of rifles. The Spaniards fired by volleys, and good ones too. Our men opened fire, and soon our ears became so accustomed to the sound that we could easily tell the difference between the report of the Mauser and of the Krag-Jørgensen. The balloon was soon shot to pieces, and at this time we saw, perhaps, a dozen men appear at the edge of the woods directly in front of San Juan. Captain Paget, the English attaché, unslings his field telescope and levels it on these few men. "The very devil, you know; these men are Americans. The saucy fellows! See them standing there under that fire. What are they doing? Why don't they retreat? It's cold-blooded murder to stand there, you know." But they did not retreat, and soon we knew why, for right at their heels came hundreds of men. The place was alive with them. Then up to the centre of the line rush the colors. Oh, what a sight for an American to see the beautiful stars and stripes fluttering in the sunlight, and at the head of thousands of armed men (regulars), advancing straight for those Spaniards, and now only about seventy-five yards distant!

Bravery! I never saw its like before. Every American in the crowd could be told by the expression of his face, and those who were not Americans wanted to be. In an open field to our right and in front, Wheeler's entire division is charging. How those fellows run through the tall grass! Now they are hidden by the trees, then up the side of the hill they go. And in the centre, opposite the old sugar-kettles, are the rough riders' stars and stripes, with those ribbons flying in the breeze. The line halts in plain view of the Spaniards. A half-dozen men leave the ranks and rush forward and lie down behind the kettles, while the others stand there in plain view, loading and firing. The Spanish field-pieces are trained on them, and they send shells tearing through their ranks. Some burst directly among them, and others in the air above. Men fall from the ranks and lie bleeding in the tall grass. I saw several men leave the main line and rush back to their wounded friends, lean over them for a moment, then hurry back to the fight.

At this point Captain Paget was seized with a fit of wild excitement, for he had discovered the location of the Spanish guns. "Look! Right there at the base of the tall palm. See the flash from the guns! You are an American, and can tell our gunners. I cannot, for I am an attaché. Oh, for heaven's sake, hurry!" A dismounted cavalry orderly offered me his horse, and at this point Captain Paget lost control of himself and the fact that he was an attaché, and no sooner had I started than there was heard the clatter of breaking bushes, and the captain came tearing past,—for what harm could it do for him to go along and listen and shake his head in case any mistakes were made? We found the entire battery over the crest of the hill, standing there limbered up and ready to move at a moment's notice.

"Captain, we have discovered the Spanish battery!"

You ought to have seen the look of delight which came into the faces of those young fellows, and they were at their horses' sides in a second.

"Mount! Forward, at a dead run!" Up over the hill they came, tearing through and over the bushes, one of the finest sights I saw, the big horses plunging and biting, the bright red of the blankets in contrast to the green, the flashing of trappings and the dull thump of the heavy guns. On the crest of the hill they wheeled into position. Of course Captain Paget kept perfectly quiet and gave no information as to the enemy's position! At any rate we had the satisfaction of seeing two (the first that were fired) of our own shells burst at the foot of that palm, and from the dust and objects thrown into the air one was safe in surmising that something had happened to that battery.

We rode up the little hill and rejoined the group there, where we watched the fight to the end, and which will be described in the next letter. (See double-page illustration.)

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

Dramatic Reception of Peace News.

A BRIEF RÉSUMÉ OF THE ALMOST BLOODLESS CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN PORTO RICO—PREPARING FOR A BATTLE AND JUST ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE WHEN A FLYING COURIER BRINGS A MESSAGE OF PEACE TO GENERAL BROOKE—THE SPANIARDS AMAZED.

GUAYAMA, PORTO RICO, August 14th, 1898.—After a brief and almost bloodless campaign, hostilities ceased yesterday morning throughout this island. A short résumé of the events of the past fortnight illustrates the rapidity of the work of the American forces. August 1st the *Gloucester*, Captain Wainwright, late executive officer of the *Maine*, steamed east from Ponce, the headquarters of General Miles, to the port of Arroyo, twenty-seven miles distant, and occupied the village with hardly any resistance. The landing party consisted of thirty men, all of whom took part in the destruction of the *Pluton* and *Terror*, off Santiago, and they rushed the Spanish force out upon the Guayama road without a shot being fired on either side. The telegraph-office at Arroyo was occupied, the instruments disabled, and the custom-house taken.

On August 2d the *Cincinnati* escorted the two swift liners, *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, with General Brooke and staff, the Third Illinois and the Fourth Ohio, under Colonels Bennitt and Coit, to Arroyo. The Third Illinois was speedily disembarked on lighters and formed on the sandy beach for action. Led by Company L, of Kankakee, Captain E. L. Smith, the first battalion, under Major Jackson, swung through the little town and out upon the Guayama road, where the battalion deployed as skirmishers. During the manoeuvre the sharp rattle of Spanish Mausers came from a field of sugar-cane a few hundred yards ahead, and with the "crack, crack" came the long whine of the bullets. The roar of the Springfield of Company L answered immediately with telling effect, a Spanish officer falling dead at almost the first volley. The rest of the battalion also opened

fire, and the enemy was soon silenced. They evidently retreated nearly to Guayama, for nothing more was seen of them that day. The Fourth Ohio was ashore by the time the brush ended, and by night General Brooke had the headquarters of the First Corps, United States Army, established on Spanish soil, in an antique two-story edifice facing the sea. The infantry were camped just outside the town, with strong pickets.

Arroyo is the port of Guayama, and is a village of a dozen or fifteen stores, a one-story custom-house, and some two hundred houses, with perhaps 1,500 inhabitants. The houses are mostly of wood and one story, the best situated upon Calle Principal (Main street), which extends from the beach to Cuatro Calles. The street along the beach is called Esperanza (hope), and upon it is a printing-office, the *aduanas*, or custom-house, and the British vice-consulate and American consular agency, both held by Mr. McCormick, of the Queen's service. Formerly Arroyo was of much more importance commercially, its exports of sugar being very large, but high taxes on sugar lands and products, together with vexatious restrictions on both foreign and domestic commerce, have killed the trade. Many of the people in Arroyo claim French citizenship, and the tricolor was much in evidence for several days after the occupation.

August 3d the *City of Washington* and the gun-boat *Seneca* arrived from Newport News at Arroyo via Ponce, with the Fourth Pennsylvania, Colonel Case, and detachments of regular and Seventh Company signal men. The troops immediately disembarked, the Fourth taking the extreme left of the line of defense, while Lieutenant-Colonel Glassford, of the signal corps, who had arrived with General Brooke, occupied the telegraph-office with his detachment, and proceeded to repair the Guayama line nearly to that city. On the 5th the *Roumanian* came from Ponce with four batteries of volunteer artillery: A, Illinois; B, Pennsylvania; A, Missouri; and the Twenty-seventh Indiana, together with a signal detachment from the Fourth Company. In the afternoon of the same day the Third Illinois and the Fourth Ohio advanced upon Guayama, the Spanish forces retiring. The outposts of our army were established a mile north of Guayama, while the enemy fell back about two miles, across a small valley, and intrenched. They were reported at about 800 strong, with two field-pieces. August 10th the transports *Massachusetts* and *Stillwater* arrived at Arroyo, the former having Company F, Eighth United States Infantry, Captain W. L. Pitcher, on board, and the latter the majority of the Fourth and Seventh signal companies, Captains Hepburn and Inman. On August 9th General Miles sent the wagon-train of the First Brigade, with an escort composed of Troop H, Sixth United States Cavalry, the Philadelphia City Troop, and sixty signal men, from Ponce to Guayama overland. The troops were received joyfully by the people, and reached their destination on the 11th without incident. On the 12th the batteries moved out from their camp near Arroyo to Guayama, passing through this city to camp. The next morning at sunrise General Brooke and his staff rode out to Guayama, followed by the first and second battalions of the Fourth Pennsylvania.

At last the time for a blow had come, and for the first time in their lives many young Americans saw preparations for a battle. The three infantry regiments and the company of regulars, all armed with the Krag-Jørgensen rifle, some receiving them within a few days, deployed their skirmishers on the south side of the valley of the Sequia and formed their firing lines in rear. The sixteen three-inch cannon were unlimbered and the cavalymen made girths and bridles secure, while along the rear of the lines signal men took station with their red and white flags. Grimly indicating that this was not play, the surgeons and hospital men were busy unpacking instruments, stretchers, and other appliances.

It was a characteristic American army. The men from the valleys of the Illinois, the Rock, the Des Plaines, and the Kankakee, in Illinois; the men of Ohio from the Licking and Scioto, and the sturdy Pennsylvanians from the Schuylkill and the Delaware, with men from nearly every State in the regulars, made up the infantry, while Missouri, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Indiana were represented by the cannoners. The regular cavalry troop, with a gallant war record, waited alongside the famous Philadelphia City Troop, whose guidon has waved in every American war, and during the Revolution floated near the tent of Washington for seven weary years.

Behind our army rose the white houses of Guayama, crowned by the dome of its beautiful cathedral, while to their front was a long valley with gentle slopes, across which was visible a long line of rifle-pits, surmounted by the red-and-yellow banner of Spain. A few officers could be seen by using glasses, their white uniforms showing quite clearly against the dark green of the hillside. Above their intrenchments rose the tumbled masses of the Cayey Mountains, the bold summit of Torito, 3,000 feet high, overtopping the entire landscape.

General Hains and his staff, Captain C. W. Fenton, Captain A. R. Piper, and Captain C. B. Harrison, were in rear of the brigade, while Major Rodney, of the Fourth United States Artillery, commanded the batteries. Near General Hains sat Major-General Brooke, his grim visage calm and critical. The man who fought desperately at Gettysburg as a colonel until he fell disabled by two severe wounds was not excited by thoughts of a skirmish with the Spaniards. With him was General M. V. Sheridan, his chief-of-staff, with a wonderful resemblance to his famous brother, "Little Phil"; Colonel W. V. Richards, Major Dean, Lieutenant Wardman, of the Two Hundred and Second New York; and Lieutenant McKenna, of the Fifteenth United States Infantry.

A most dramatic scene now took place: A signal man came at full speed down the line and handed a message to General Brooke. The latter read it, turned quickly, and aides and orderlies flew in every direction to generals, colonels, and all in authority. It was a message of peace! Not at the eleventh hour, but at 11:59, for some of the three-inch guns had been loaded and trained, and the infantry skirmishers with loaded rifles were only waiting for the bugle-call, "Commence firing." The change from the sharp battle tension of a second before was intense. Slowly the skirmishers came in from the front; reluctantly the artillerymen re-packed their caissons and limbered up their guns; the signal men rolled up their flags, and the doctors re-packed their knives and saws, and as the American forces withdrew from the scene the Spaniards gazed with

HOW WE BURY OUR SOLDIER-DEAD.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT'S STARTLING NARRATIVE OF THE CROWNING SHAME OF CAMP WIKOFF.

THERE has been much complaint these days, some of it unjust, I think, of neglect suffered by our soldiers—the living ones; but little has been said about neglect shown to the dead. And yet there is something to say.

I make small pretension to knowledge of military matters, but I cling to the old idea that these poor bodies of ours, once the struggle is over, should be laid away with reverence and seemliness. I like a fitting ceremony at the grave and a few flowers on the sod, let them be ever so poor. And I am sure that most people, all mothers, would wish those they have been fond of, sons and friends, to come into their last resting-place with—well, certainly with more consideration than a work-house pauper gets, or a dead dog. It seems to me there should be more than shovel-work and disinfecting in the burial of a soldier.

Lest any one imagine I am pleading for what is already accorded, I will relate what has come under my own eyes here at Camp Wikoff. It may be different in other camps; I do not know.



PULLING A DEAD SOLDIER'S BODY OUT OF A ROUGH BOX TO PUT IT INTO A COFFIN, AT CAMP WIKOFF.

It is a week since I first saw the little city with its even rows of crosses (there were forty-five then, but this morning there were over a hundred); it stands back of the hospital city, away from the camps. I was riding along at sunset, with everything about me wonderful and beautiful, the light-house to the far east, the ocean to the north and to the south, the miles and miles of snow-white tents, the bugle-calls, the galloping troopers—and thinking of the meaning of it all, when suddenly on rising ground before me I saw a group of men, a small group, silhouetted against the glowing sky, and other things silhouetted that stood upright and had arms, but were not men.

"What is it?" I asked the orderly who was with me.

"It's the burying-ground, sir," he said, and I think he was pleased when I turned my horse up the slope; for private soldiers appreciate little things, and, barring a corporal or two, there were none but privates in this burying-ground.

As I rode up, five or six troopers stared at me indifferently; I might be a doctor come to investigate, or merely a prying outsider. There were two graves partly filled up and three that gaped open, black holes in the reddish earth.

"You're working late," said I.

"We're not working at all," said one of the men.

"Oh, I thought those were not finished," I pointed to the fresh graves.

"They're not," said another, a black-bearded man; "but the shovel-gang has knocked off, so they'll have to wait till morning."

"Are they soldiers, the shovel-gang?"

"No, sir; they're laborers; they've gone away now. We're up here putting these on." He pointed to some bunches of golden-rod, gathered from the fields, that had been laid on the bare mounds. It was the best they had.

I dismounted and stood beside one of the open graves. I could see a coffin at the bottom, a pine box painted brown. There were coffins in the other two open graves.

"Are these coffins empty?" I asked.

"No, they're not empty; there's bodies in 'em."

"And must they lie here this way all night?"

"I guess they must. 'Twon't hurt 'em, sir; they've laid out nights before. They're soldiers."

I began to like this black-bearded man; he gave the impression of one who had things to say if he would say them.

"Don't they have any funeral-service over these men?" I asked.

He shook his head. "It wouldn't be good policy; the boys would come up and it would make 'em feel bad, and it might

make the sick ones worse. I believe more would die than do if we had regular funerals. Don't you think so, Bill?"

Bill was a pale, sandy-haired man in rough-rider's uniform. He said he thought very likely more would die.

I looked at the wooden crosses and saw that on each was scrawled in pencil a man's name along with some company and regiment. But in going along the rows I came to several crosses on which there were no names.

"How is it these are not marked?" I asked.

"Nobody knew who the men were," said the bearded soldier. "That seems queer, but it's a fact. In the Santiago mix-up they got lost in the shuffle somehow; plenty of men fought with regiments they didn't belong to, and afterwards they were too sick to tell who they were—delirious, likely; or maybe they wouldn't tell."

"Wouldn't tell? Why not?"

The man drew nearer for his explanation, and the others drew nearer. His voice was quiet and steady.

"Why, you see, when a soldier has suffered a lot with starving

days and shivering nights and fever and bullet-wounds he gets indifferent to everything—that is, he does sometimes. He don't care whether he lives or dies. He don't care whether his friends ever hear of him or not; probably he's only got two or three friends anyhow. So he just shakes his head when they ask what his name is; he means to say that they can go ahead and bury him without any name; he means to say that his name don't cut any ice at all, so they needn't have it. That's how I've figured it out."

He paused, and his comrades nodded approvingly. Then he raised his voice a very little and went on:

"Do you know, sir, that there were days down in Cuba when we had nothing to eat but hard-tack and rice gruel? And the rice wasn't boiled right—the grains were tough; and the hard-tack was often wet and sometimes so mouldy that we had to cut off the green outside before we could eat it. So what did the boys do? They ate mangoes and fruit, and got dysentery and died."

"We had to eat something, by —!" said Bill.

"I know that battle isn't play," went on the other.

"I'm not making any particu-

lar kick, I'm just showing you why some of the boys didn't care how they died; but, sir, if you had been with me the night we took San Juan hill you'd have been sorry for a good many soldiers. At three o'clock in the morning I rode the whole length of the firing-line, carrying dispatches from General Lawton to General Wheeler. I saw four miles of suffering. I heard boys begging so hard for water that I'd have cut my left hand off to quench their thirst. But I couldn't do anything; there was no water near and I had to hurry on. I saw wounded men, shot through the stomach, shot through the lungs, shot through the head—"

"That's the talk!" cried one of the men.

"I saw them crawling along the ground, staggering along, helping each other, and there were no doctors to look after them. And later I know cases where soldiers with fever, so weak they could hardly move, were turned away from the hospital at Siboney because there wasn't room enough for the wounded alone, and the men with fever had to wait. I know one who crawled out into the bushes and waited there—until he died."

"That's right," said Bill.

"Why, in my company alone—I am in the First Artillery—there were 83 men sick out of 110; there are some of them over yonder now (he pointed to the general hospital), and some of them will be here before long. It's growing every day, sir, this little place; if you want to see it grow come over in the morning."

I was in New York for three days after this, but on my return I went again to the burying-ground and saw the shovel-gang at work. God grant that no one dear to me fall into such hands when it comes his time to go back to earth! Not that they were inefficient as a shovel-gang, they were too efficient, that was the trouble; they did what they were hired to do, and if there be any blame it rests with those who hired them, with those who organized this kind of a burial.

It was the noon hour when I got there, and the men were away, eating. I made my horse fast to a pickaxe driven deep in the ground and then looked at the graves. There were two more rows of them now than when I was here before, and there was something else new that made sickening appeal to the nostrils. Are these graves too shallow, I thought, or is the earth unusually porous, or, stop! can it be that box on which the flies are swarming? The box was one of the common coffins; beside it was a casket, such as we see in cities, finished with black cloth and metal fixings. I could see that this coffin was empty.

Presently the shovel-gang returned from their meal—I trust

they had good appetites—and made their way at once to the two coffins. They were eight or ten heavy-faced workmen with rough clothes and rough manners. Still they meant well and I found them civil. Since I was interested in their business, they would help me to the facts. If I wanted photographs they would pose for me. It is a pity I am not a good photographer, for this was an opportunity to show some of the things that are. But my little kodak has an excellent lens and may tell its own tale sufficiently.

"What is it?" I asked one of the men, and pointed to the box.

"Case of dig-him-up-again—one of the Second Infantry boys."



GRAVEYARD OF THE SOLDIERS WHO DIED FROM TYPHOID FEVER AT CAMP WIKOFF.

Died three days ago; was in there (pointing to open grave). Family want him shipped—going to have him embalmed; but say, de lad dat does de job will have some sport."

"Come here, Curly," said one of the gang, "open up dis box and one o' youse mix up some o' dat disinfectant stuff, will ye?"

The box was opened and the flies swarmed down inside; the disinfectant stuff was mixed and poured in out of a tin can. I could see a grayish, blackish hand reaching out of the shroud. Then came more orders which I noted down carefully:

"Get a piece o' cloth to lift his head wid. Now easy. Up you come, birdie. Leave my end over. Boost up his pillow higher and keep that — — — thing to — — — away from here." This last to a man who was over eager to put the cover on.

Then came the clatter of hammers and screw-drivers, the placing of the closed coffin in a larger pine box for shipment, and the hauling away of the latter by an outfit of kicking mules and a lazy driver. Such was the passing of one of the



WILLIAM H. NEWKOM, COMPANY H, TWENTY-FIRST REGULAR UNITED STATES INFANTRY, ONE OF A HUNDRED SOLDIER LADS WHOSE BODIES WERE MAULED ABOUT AT CAMP WIKOFF.

boys who died for Old Glory. I have his name written down, but will not mention it for his family's sake. Had they been people of position or had he been something more than a private, I suppose it would all have happened differently, which is perhaps inevitable; and yet I wish that young soldier could have been sent to the wife or mother, or whoever it was provided that better coffin, in some more decorous fashion.

Before visiting this sad place again I made inquiries touching the burying of the dead and found that few knew anything about it or

took much interest in it. The officers I asked referred me to the doctors, the doctors were rushed with their own hospital work and had given the matter little thought; they supposed it was being attended to properly by some one; they had not been to see. I tried one of the regimental chaplains and found him absorbed in getting four car-loads of New Jersey watermelons shipped to his men. Had he been to the burying-ground? No; he had received no notification about it. Had none of his regiment died? Yes, one man had died the day before, but he had been buried so quickly from the hospital that no one knew anything about it, at least he didn't, until it was all over. He seemed to think it strange that I thought it strange he had not given the subject more attention—he, the chaplain. He said he would look the thing up, and then went back enthusiastically to his melons.

Finally, a nurse told me that a funeral-service was held at the burying-ground every afternoon at four o'clock. So the next day I reported at four o'clock to witness the ceremony. The shovel-gang were there as before, only more of them, and I

(Continued on page 232.)



THE PRESIDENT VISITING CAMP DETENTION.



TRANSFERRING THE SICK AND WOUNDED TO THE STEAMER "SHINNECOCK" FOR TRANSPORTATION TO HOSPITALS IN NEW YORK.



DETENTION CAMP AND HOSPITAL.



PRESIDENTIAL P.



BATTERY F, FOURTH ARTILLERY, ENJOYING A FEAST OF SANDWICHES FURNISHED BY THE LADIES.

WHAT PRESIDENT MCKINLEY SAW AT

THE GREAT RENDEZVOUS OF THE TROOPS RETURNING FROM THE FRONT—A CAMP OF HOSTS



BARGE BRINGING THE FIRST ILLINOIS REGIMENT TO CAMP WIKOFF.



PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT HEADQUARTERS, VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART AND SECRETARY ALGER IN BACKGROUND.



CARRYING FEVER-STRIKEN PATIENTS FROM THE TRANSPORTS TO THE HOSPITAL CAMP.



"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS'S DAUGHTER SERVING COLD BEEF-TEA TO NEWLY-ARRIVED AND TRAVEL-WORN SOLDIERS.

AW AT CAMP WIKOFF, LONG ISLAND.

CAMP OF HOSPITALS AND SUFFERING.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

How We Bury Our Soldier-Dead.

(Continued from page 229.)

found two chaplains waiting to begin, Chaplain Bateman, regularly in charge, and Father Heffernan, a Roman Catholic priest, who had come up from Brooklyn to assist him. A pile of hospital refuse was burning near by, and the odor of graves and disinfectants was strong in the air.

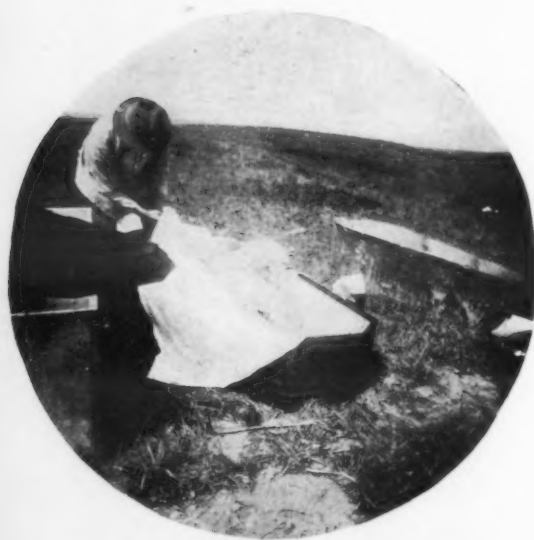
"We are waiting for the bodies to come up from the dead-house," said the head chaplain. "The men have been digging graves all day—you see the ones that are ready—and also taking up bodies for removal. A great many are being taken up. I should say one-third of them."

We waited about ten minutes, the shovel-gang chatting in groups, jesting and swearing. One of them amused himself by shying chunks of fresh earth at another down in a grave. The head chaplain paid no heed, the priest shook his head and whispered: "These men are dreadfully profane. I can't bear to hear them curse in God's name."

Presently an orderly rode up and spoke to the head chaplain:

"General Wheeler wants to know, sir, how soon you can go with Captain Morrison's body."

The chaplain looked at the graves, looked at his prayer-book, and said that he would go at once; his associate might read the



WRAPPING UP THE DEAD BODY OF A SOLDIER FOR INTERMENT AT CAMP WIKOFF.

service over these. Then he went away. Between one dead captain and a dozen dead privates there was no hesitation.

I joined a group of the diggers and talked with a man who spoke in a tough, slangy way, and seemed to regard the whole job with disapproval.

"Do dey work us hard?" he said. "Well, I guess dey do. Dis is a hot graft—twenty bodies a day to put down some days, an' ten to lift. Say, ye oughter lift one dat's been down six days, an' you'll just go behind dat box an' heave off yer dinner. Why, dey oughter give us a bottl' o' whiskey fer every body we lift. It's somet'in' fierce, dat's what it is, an' we take a hard chance, too, widout no gloves."

This may not be quite the dialect, but it will serve as a rough suggestion, with profanity to be imagined at every line. He went on to describe how a man had come to them the other day, saying, "I must see me brudder's face," and how they had "opened her up fer de gent," and how he had collapsed.

I rejoined the priest, who was sitting patiently on a box of disinfectant, waiting for the bodies to come up. Two diggers were near him; one was washing his hands in a tin pail.

"They're very late to-day," said the priest; "there must be more than usual. I think that's at the dead-house now."

He indicated a sound of hammering from a long tent down below.

"How will they come up?" I asked.

"Mules and niggers," said one of the men. "There was a nigger on the job yesterday, and he came up with three handkerchiefs round his nose, and said he'd chuck the work before he'd ride any more bodies up."

"Humph!" said the priest, "it must be pretty bad when a colored man can't stand it."

"It 'ud sober a man up if he was drunk," said the digger.

All this seemed dreadful to me, and I asked Father Heffernan if he didn't think something ought to be done to better matters. He sighed and nodded his assent.

"Yes, indeed, something ought to be done. Chaplain Bateman and I were just talking about it. He is thinking of making some complaints. I wish those bodies would come."

"Say, Curly," called my friend, the digger, "chase down an' see if dey's goin' to send dem bodies up. Tell 'em de dominy's a-waitin'."

Curly started down the hill grumbling, and the other one began to wash his hands in the tin pail. But straightway he drew back swearing.

"Who de — mixed dat stuff? Dey's got in too much acid. It's takin' all de hair off me hands. It's somet'in' fierce."

Another digger approached with a photograph. It was a fine-looking young man, a frank, intelligent face, evidently a member of some regimental band, for he held a musical instrument in his hands—a kind of elaborate trumpet.

"We've just raised him," said the digger; "that was his grave. Here's the order. See?" He pulled a bunch of soiled papers from his pocket. "The doctor sends 'em up."

I looked the papers over and read:

"William Shake, Grave 92; H. C. Eaton. Raise bodies of above men." "Raise body of John McGlone." "Frank James, raise body of said person." "Joseph P. Grunninger, raise above." "Kindly raise body of William Boyle." "Hugh Parrett, Com-

pany D, Eighth Infantry." "John Roose, Grave 32," and, finally, "William H. Newkom," the trumpeter, whose photograph was in my hand. This bright face gave sudden life to the scrawled and rumpled names. They had been American soldiers, young men with homes; now they were unpleasant freight in brown boxes.

I asked the digger if there might not be danger of confusion among the bodies. Couldn't they put the wrong cross on a grave, or get the names incorrectly? He didn't think there was much danger, for one man put all the numbers and names down in a book. Still there was the case of Heaven. He would show me if I'd come with him.

We went to Grave No. 1—strange there should be a question of identity at the very first grave. Yet there it was plainly shown on the wooden cross: "Heaven, died on transport Mattewan. Troop D, 1st U. S. Regular Cavalry. Buried Aug. 17, 1898." Then under the name was marked in heavy letters, "Unknown," but two lines were drawn through the word. It was uncertain whether this was Heaven's grave or some other man's grave. The body had been claimed, but then it was asserted that Heaven had been buried at sea. So the family will never be certain where their hero trooper lies—and this was Grave No. 1.

By this time Curly had returned with word that the bodies would be held over until morning; there was no transportation for them. So the priest and the diggers might go away. Dead men can wait for laggard mules.

The priest and I walked down to the dead-house, or dead-tent, and saw coffins stacked up there half-way to the ridge-pole; coffins inside and outside, coffins already occupied, coffins soon to be occupied. All this was in plain sight of sick men in twelve hospital-tents not a hundred yards away, and brought small comfort to them. It is not good for fever-stricken soldiers to smell the bodies of dead comrades.

The priest's face was sad and stern as he turned away; we agreed to meet at four o'clock on the morrow for the burying of a double batch.

The next afternoon I arrived betimes at this pestilential burying-ground, and, stretching myself on the grass to the windward, watched the unloading of the dead. At intervals an army-wagon without springs, loaded with coffins, would bump its way up, the driver usually cursing, the mules kicking. The shovel-gang would gather at the wagon-tail with carrying-bars and lift the coffins out. Then, as they lowered each box into its grave, the talk would run on briskly: "Easy, dere; you'll drop him." "Git yer rope under, you — — —" "Now down he goes," and then a squirting of tobacco-juice from Bowery lips.

Then another coffin, and another, the driver calling out after each: "Which is dat bloke?" And some one would read a name on the box. "Hook, I tell ye." "Naw, it's Cook." "Samuel Hook, sure it is; ain't it wrote on de cover?" "Well, den, here's his cross," and another cross would be pitched out to the diggers.

The wagon would clatter away, and presently another would draw up with more coffins. If it stopped on the windward of me I would shift my place. A swarm of big flies buzzed over each wagon; the carriers bore their loads back and forth, back and forth, the head-boards were tossed about, the ropes slid down and were hauled up, the jokes went on and the tobacco-spitting and the blasphemy. Soon it ceased to be horrible, it ceased to be interesting; it all became dull routine in the hot sun.

By four o'clock most of the bodies had come up, and now a



HURRIEDLY DIGGING THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF A SOLDIER AT CAMP WIKOFF.

young man appeared with Y. M. C. A. on his hat. The head chaplain was busy again and he was to replace him. Three ladies also came across the field; one of them was in black, her face was pale, her lips were quivering. But she stood firm as they led her to grave ninety-two, where her son was lying. He was a corporal, aged twenty. They had opened the wrong coffin at the dead-house to let her see him. She had seen enough, and was content to stare down now, dry-eyed, at the brown box in the grave. These were the first ladies who had visited the burying-ground and the shovel-gang bared their heads.

Now Father Heffernan stepped forward beside the chaplain and the two stood at grave ninety-two. There was a pause when only the buzzing of flies was heard and a sniffing from the woman. Then the chaplain's voice sounded low but distinctly: "All flesh is not the same flesh—" and continued through that beautiful fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, ending with the words, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The shovel-gang listened in strained attitudes intended to be respectful; some folded their arms hard, some worked their cheeks and tried bravely not to spit. I don't think the mother was shocked by anything; she did not notice what was about her; she did not get that whiff from a rattling dead-wagon which came up just as the chaplain threw down a handful of earth upon the coffin, and she did not see the mule-driver smoking his cigar. She was thinking of her boy, the corporal, aged twenty.

A blessing by the priest concluded the ceremony, which lasted about ten minutes and was meant to include all the bodies put down that day, as well as the occupant of grave ninety-two. It was ten minutes of reverence against ten hours of irreverence. It was good as far as it went, but priest and chaplain would be the first to maintain that it goes not far enough. Scarcely were our backs turned, when the shovel-gang were at it as before on the newly-brought bodies; these would get their blessing twenty-four hours later. I believe there are many people in this country who will cry out "Shame!" when they learn that a hundred of our dead soldiers, more than a hundred, have been mauled about and dumped into the ground by a cursing, spitting, acid-squirting shovel-gang.

I believe there are many people in this country who would have demanded better treatment for these poor troopers and in-



PRINCIPAL GRAVEYARD AT CAMP WIKOFF, WITH GRAVE OF ONE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS IN FOREGROUND MARKED BY RUDE CROSS.

fantrymen; I believe there are thankful mothers and sisters and wives who would have plucked flowers from their gardens and sent them here with blessings (New York is only four hours away); I believe there are rich men who would have furnished decent coffins for these boys in blue, not painted packing-boxes. Yes, and clean hearses with springs to bear them, instead of jolting army wagons; and solid stones to mark their graves, instead of boards. And singers would have journeyed to this camp with joy, and asked no pay, for the privilege of chanting "Abide With Me" and "Lead Kindly Light" where these boys lay. I am sure that gentlemen would have come and organized this burying business properly, and ladies would have come and done what they could, and the whole thing would have been better, so much better, if they had only known, if they had only known!

But those who did know, or should have known, what have they been doing these days? How comes it that the officers and generals whose triumph was aided by these dead soldiers have left the handling of this honored clay to hirelings from a city's slums? Was it not right that soldiers should be buried by soldiers? How comes it that, with a dozen regimental bands to play fine music, not one martial note has been sounded on that hillside? Where was the harm if trumpeters had played "My Country, 'tis of Thee" above those silent ones who died for their country? How comes it no flag is flying, nor has been flying, above those bare mounds? Has the star-spangled banner no further interest in the dead lads of Santiago? What if the soldiers camped about had heard "taps" blown, as the usage is, or a volley fired across the graves, would that have hurt them more than the knowledge—for they do know it—that their fellows are being treated like carrion? Can we keep death a secret by turning away our heads? These were our comrades, they were our sons, they were the husbands of our women, and shall they have no rights? Who dares make excuse for slighting them? Did they make excuse when the country needed them?

Where was the keen-eyed, quick-thinking Colonel Roosevelt while one of his rough riders was being shovel-ganged to rest? Where were the officers of the gallant Seventy-first, which has more than one man buried on that hill? Where were all the benevolent women? Why did not President McKinley visit the dead of Camp Wikoff, as well as the living? What has been the matter with all these highly-placed people? Were they too busy? Then they might have called for help. Did they overlook it? Then perhaps the country will not overlook it!

Some day somebody will start a subscription for a grand monument to stand over these dead soldiers, and the country will subscribe a hundred thousand dollars for it in the first twenty-four hours. Sounding words will be cut upon the granite and future generations will read them and thrill; but it will not be stated that in the month of September, 1898, Christian men in the conduct of affairs allowed these defenders of the nation, heroes with fresh laurels on their brows, boys most of them, whose only fault was that they died obscurely, to be packed into the ground by New York toughs, without a flower, without a tear, without military honors, without a line to mark their graves, except some pencil-scratching on a shingle.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

astonishment. They soon found out the reason, and this morning several were in Guayama to arrange the details of the truce. They were very polite and courteous, but did not linger long, returning promptly to their camp across the Sequia.

W. E. W. MACKINLAY.

The Sexton of the Sea.

You scatter flowers on the grassy mound
That marks the spot where your loved ones be;
You bring them emblems with never a thought
For the dead beneath the sea.

For every ship that the hands of men
Have builded with chart and wheel,
The bones of men in a hundred-fold
Are laid beneath its keel.

A canvas shroud and an iron bar
At the weary head and the wasted feet,
And lo! from the deck they move away,
From the hearts that throb and beat!

Soldiers and sailors and captains grand,
Babes with a mother's breast
Wet with the lips that will touch no more,
Come down in my arms to rest.

And I lay them gently alone to sleep,
Where the bed of the sand is clear;
And none may wander, and none shall stray,
For I keep them, oh, so dear!

And hark! When the bell-buoy tolls at night,
Above the wave where the fishes swim,
You may know that I keep my Father's watch,
For the day I shall give them back to Him!

JOHN JAMES MEEHAN.

The Sensation of Europe.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS—EVIDENCE TENDING TO SHOW THAT HE WAS THE VICTIM OF A FORGER.

THE Zola-Esterhazy-Dreyfus affair reached its apparent climax in the conviction of the novelist and his sentence to a year's



CAPTAIN ALBERT DREYFUS.

imprisonment, with a fine of 3,000 francs. Monsieur Perreux, the newspaper editor who published Zola's accusations, was similarly punished; and Colonel Picquart, the officer who furnished damaging testimony against his chiefs in the Ministry of War, has been dropped from the army rolls. This drastic procedure on the part of the Méline government had the immediate effect of quelling the disturbances in Paris, but

it was not justified by the sober and deliberate reflection of popular opinion in France, and the recent sensational confession of Colonel Henry that he had forged one of the principal documents upon which Dreyfus was convicted, the arrest of Henry, and his death by suicide soon after, have given the case an entirely new aspect.

The technical verdict rendered in the assize court, in Zola's case, was in itself relatively unimportant. What really impressed the world, and was of vital moment to the French nation, was the fact that the combined efforts of the government and the army to suppress the truth had been publicly exposed, and virtually failed in their object; while this exposure justified the terrific accusation formulated by Monsieur Zola, and for which he was prosecuted—the accusation of irregularities and illegalities in the secret courts-martial that convicted Captain Albert Dreyfus of treason, and acquitted Count Esterhazy of the same charge. It became, as Monsieur Zola insisted, no longer a question of the innocence or guilt of Dreyfus, but whether the honor of France as a country of human rights and liberty should be maintained in her highest tribunals. The tremendous clash of powers and prejudices involved in this "campaign of vindication" stirred up the nation to its very depths. During its progress, as has been aptly remarked, more lies were told in Paris than in the whole of Europe during the rest of the century.

To understand how the anti-Jewish hatred, the integrity of the French government and courts of justice, and the honor of the army, not to mention individual fortunes and reputations, were all concerned in the agitation growing out of the condemnation of Dreyfus, it is necessary to glance backward over a chain of events that have occurred in the last three or four years. Dreyfus is an Alsatian Jew, under forty years of age, was a captain in the French army, and attached to the information bureau of the Ministry of War. He was arrested in October, 1894, on the charge of having sold secrets of state to a foreign Power, presumably German. His trial by court-martial was conducted in secrecy, and resulted in his being found guilty by a unanimous vote. The document which chiefly figured in his conviction was, it appears, a certain *bordereau*, or unsigned memorandum, in handwriting which some experts declared to be that of Dreyfus, while others believed it to be only an imitation of his hand. Of course there was a mysterious woman in the case, and there were also financiers: that Dreyfus was involved in both these quarters, no one has even pretended to deny. Dreyfus was publicly degraded and drummed out of the army on January 5th, 1895. He protested his innocence to the last. He was sentenced, as a traitor, to life imprisonment, and was transported, first to the Ile de Re, near the coast of France, then to the Ile du Diable, or Devil's Island, which is a desolate shoal in the Atlantic, twenty-seven miles north of Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana, South Amer-

ica. There he pines in solitary confinement, perhaps even ignorant of the commotion which the revival of his case has lately stirred up in France. Through the efforts of Madame Dreyfus, who succeeded in interesting various influential personages in her husband's behalf, pressure was brought to bear upon members of the Chamber of Deputies in November last to induce them to reopen the case of the condemned officer, but in vain.

About the same time, however, Monsieur Scheurer-Kestner, vice-president of the French Senate, publicly declared that a rich and titled army officer, well known in Parisian society, had been requested to resign in consequence of the continued leaking of military secrets since the imprisonment of Dreyfus; and furthermore, that the said officer was the author of the unsigned letter which had led to Dreyfus's condemnation. The man thus accused was Count Ferdinand Walsin Esterhazy, a major of infantry. Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother of the condemned Albert Dreyfus, also formally charged that Esterhazy was the writer of the famous *bordereau*. It transpired that Colonel Picquart, who had been concerned in investigating the case of Dreyfus, had arrived at a similar conclusion regarding Esterhazy's guilt, whereupon he was promptly muzzled and sent off to Algiers. His testimony to this effect constituted the offense for which he has been punished in the Zola trial.

On the 7th of December last the Cabinet decided to answer in the Senate the interpellation upon the Dreyfus scandal, and allow full discussion. Then pandemonium broke loose, and the anti-Hebrew riots began. Zola came out for Dreyfus, and on January 13th published in the *Aurore* newspaper his celebrated open letter, addressed to President Faure, pointing out irregularities and illegalities in the Esterhazy court-martial; formally accusing General Billot, the minister of war, General Mercier, Major Paty du Clam, and other officers, of perjury; and challenging the government to prosecute them. For this, Zola was indicted, tried, and punished, in the assize court of the Seine, as we have seen, in the extraordinary proceedings lately concluded. It was a sinister affair throughout, indicating a combination of army, church, and people against the Jews, who have gained control of pretty much all the sources of wealth in France. But, as Zola and his able advocate, Maître Labori, confidently proclaimed, the end was not yet, for the faithful wife of Dreyfus, believing in his innocence, continued her struggles in his behalf. He had been convicted on evidence embraced in an unsigned letter, called the *bordereau*. The minister of war said that another letter was in existence, and it was understood that this letter was written by an attaché of the German embassy to an attaché of the Italian embassy, and that its terms left no doubt of Dreyfus's guilt. One report states that the German Emperor was induced to interfere, and that, through his ministrations, and those of the Italian government, the fact was brought out that the alleged letter was a forgery. When Colonel Henry was confronted with these facts he confessed that he forged the letter and then killed himself. An immediate change in public sentiment followed this sensational development, and out of it will no doubt come a re-hearing of the case and possibly an acquittal.

The conduct of Dreyfus has been, throughout, that of an innocent man. He has had, beside the support of Zola, who came nobly to his assistance, in the belief that he was innocent, the unremitting support of Colonel Picquart, the youngest colonel of the French army, who, when he became sincerely impressed with the innocence of Dreyfus, sacrificed his position, his popularity, and almost everything that he had, to go to the defense of the accused. The conduct of Zola and of Colonel Picquart has been splendidly courageous. Esterhazy, who was accused by the brother of Dreyfus with the authorship of the *bordereau*, and whose trial by the government was a farce, is put in an unenviable position by recent revelations, for the evidence against him, in the minds of many, appeared to be stronger than that against Dreyfus.

The case illustrates the utter absence of justice where prejudice controls. The most noble as well as the most notable character in the tragic incident is, after all, the despised Jew, Dreyfus—despised because of his race and religion, but on the eve of a vindication, we believe, in spite of everything.

Financial—Wall Street Wrinkles.

I ASKED that veteran of Wall Street and that clear-sighted, experienced financier, Russell Sage, the other day, what he thought of the market, and he shook his head and said, "Too high! Why," said he, "here is some Northern Pacific common that I have carried for twenty years. It has sold as low as ten. I have just disposed of it at over forty."

With gilt-edged stocks yielding only a little more than three per cent.; with money a drug; and with a rising tide of speculation, it is difficult for financial prognosticators to tell "where we are at." Stocks look high, but manipulation may send them higher, and manipulation may include an increase of dividends on some of the speculative issues, which will start a fresh bull movement. On the other hand, a squeeze in the money market; the success of free-silver candidates for Congress at the approaching elections; a decline in the prices of our exportable products; a reopening of the complication with Spain, might one or all be readily utilized as instruments by the bears to depress prices. With such a condition of affairs, I should be inclined to take my profit, and watch the market for a chance to re-enter on a slump.

"S. E. D." Buffalo: Reading is essentially speculative. I would hold it for a profit, but would not hold it too long. (2) Atchison pre-

ferred would sell higher if the promises of a dividend were fulfilled. I would not be surprised if all stocks should sell lower before election. The low-priced stocks you mention, excepting Wabash and Atchison, are not the ones I would select for speculation or investment.

"F. X. D." St. Paul, Minnesota: (1) Western Union paying five per cent. sells at ninety-five, and Chicago and Northwestern common sells at 128 or 130, simply because the former is a Gould and the latter a Vanderbilt stock. Investors have always shown a decided preference for the Vanderbilts, and have been willing to pay for their preference. One of the best of the Gould stocks is American Cable, paying five per cent. in regular quarterly dividends and having the guarantee of the Western Union company behind it. And yet this sells only at about ninety-five. The late Samuel J. Tilden left \$1,000,000 of this stock among his personal effects when he died, and considered it a gilt-edged security. I remember when it sold at less than sixty, and Mr. Gould was buying it at that time for his friends and relatives. I asked Mr. Sage then why the stock sold so low, and he frankly admitted that it was because it was a Gould stock. (2) Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha at eighty is recommended by those who understand its merits, and although the entire market has seemed to be rather high, Omaha, if bought and paid for with the intention of holding, should net good results.

"L. R." Boston: The Northern Pacific statement shows a surplus for the year and an accumulated surplus of nearly \$3,500,000. This would have paid over three per cent. on the common stock, but the directors set aside \$3,000,000 of the surplus for the next year's dividend on the preferred. What the purpose of this move was I cannot tell. Perhaps it was intended to leave the way open for further speculative manipulation of the stock, on promises of the possibility of the payment of a dividend on the common. It looks to me as if Northern Pacific issues, on their merits, were pretty high.

"M." Buffalo, asks why I believe that New York Central is a good purchase for investment, and says that at the present price, around 120, it yields less than three and one-half per cent. to the investor. I realize what "M." says, but I am looking to the future of New York Central. It is a magnificent property, with a future, in my judgment, quite as good as that of Lake Shore. That is why I have recommended its purchase as a safe and promising investment.

"C. F. C." Minneapolis, Minnesota: If your Atchison Adjustment Fours and your Ontario and Western net you a fair profit, it would be advisable to take it. It is not wise to hold on to a security for the last penny. Let some other fellow take the chance of a greater profit and of a possible loss. (2) Burlington is high, but its friends predict that it will go higher. The market is in such a condition that I am not able at present to recommend anything as a purchase. Three months ago, when I recommended Consolidated Ice common and Brooklyn Rapid Transit, at half their present figures, I had reasons for the faith that was in me.

"U." Macon, Georgia: The disposition of the surplus of the Atchison depends, of course, on the action of the directors. Some of them have predicted an advance on the preferred stock, based on the expectation of a dividend, and I believe with you that if the earnings are correctly reported, the expectation of a dividend was justified. (2) I think favorably of C. B. & Q., and of Union Pacific at the prices you name. But I doubt whether they will see a very much higher market, in view of the rise that all stocks have sustained and of the general impression that a good many large holders would prefer to see lower prices. If you have a good profit in Atchison it will be well to take it.

"Rux." Ruxton, Maryland: (1) Central of Georgia, first preferred income five, at forty-two, are regarded favorably, but it must be remembered that it is an income bond and not a primary lien. (2) The B. & O. new issues ought to sell at par. (3) M. K. & T. preferred at thirty-six is a fair speculation, provided the market retains its strength. (4) Leather preferred is very heavily capitalized, and has had so many vicissitudes that I have not been inclined to look upon it favorably, though it has many advocates in Wall Street.

"H. M." Brooklyn, asks how the fall elections could possibly affect financial conditions. I reply that the election of a majority of the members of the House of Representatives favorable to the cause of free silver would immediately lead to the fear of a revival of the free-silver movement and the possibility of the election of a free-silver President. "H. M." no doubt realizes that capital is the most timid of all things, and he can appreciate the consequences of such a condition. It is a condition that I hardly anticipate will have to be met, however.

JASPER.

See What Ten Cents Will Do!

"How" is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women, and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and forward it, with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.

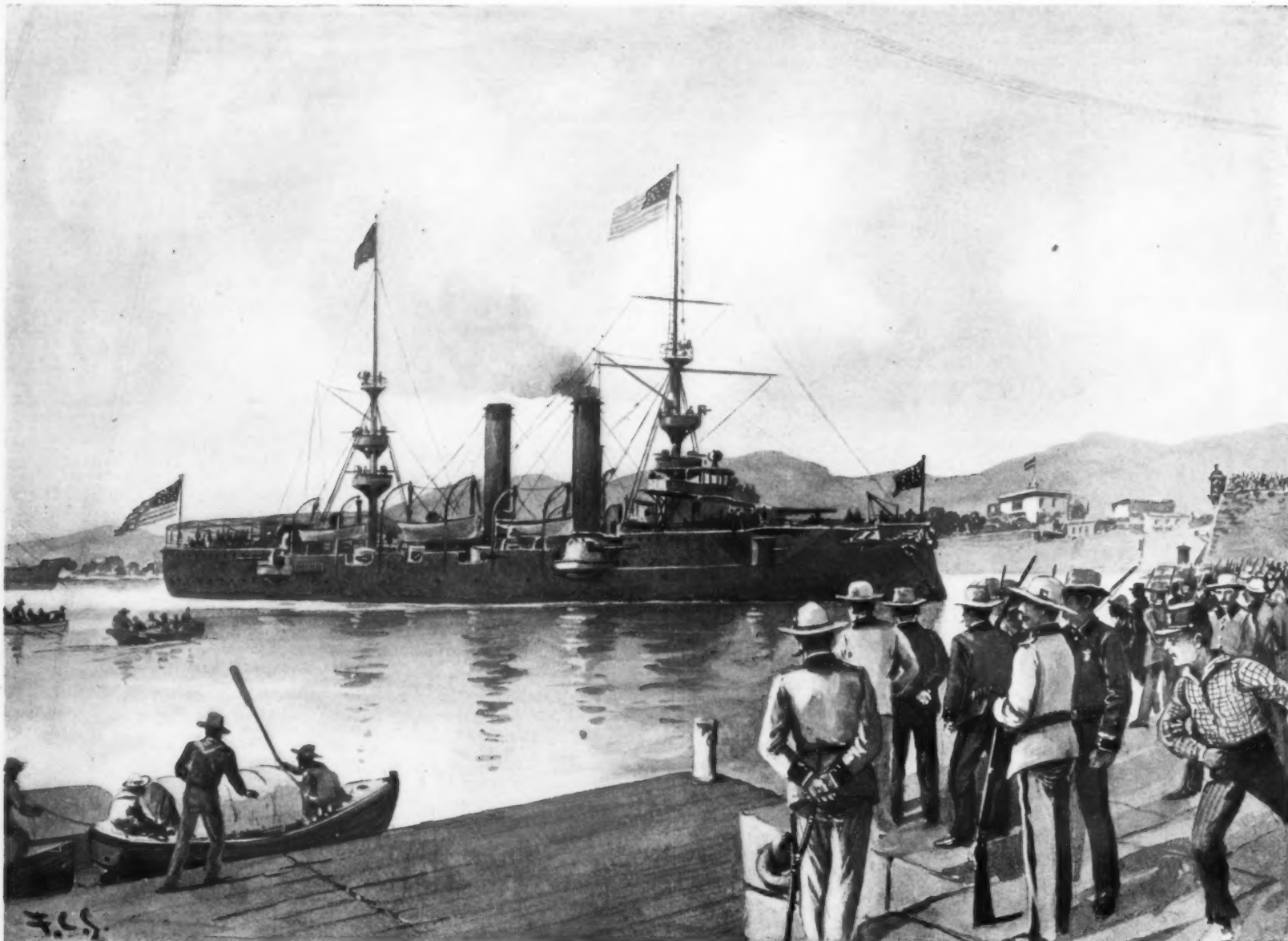
FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, as a baby food from the hour of birth, stands without a competitor, presenting, as it does, the most perfect preparation of milk for the use of infants.



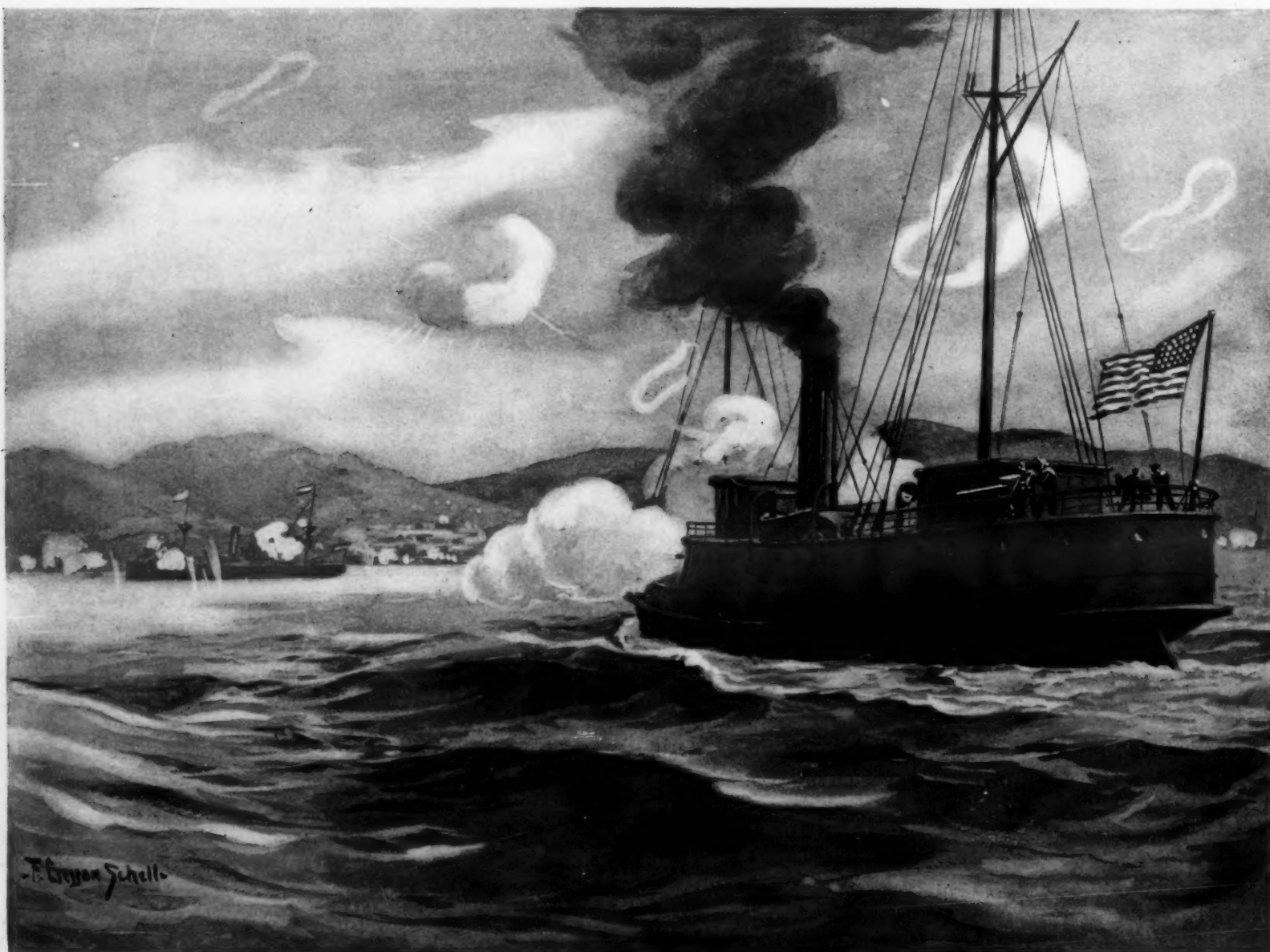
HEROES OF MANILA.

First Sergeant Marcus E. Holmes and Second Sergeant Denis Cremins, of the Astor Battery, who were killed in the assault on Manila, August 13th.



PEACE IN PORTO RICO—THE "NEW ORLEANS" COMES TO ANCHOR UNDER SAN JUAN'S GUNS.

ON AUGUST 25TH COMMANDER FOLGER BROUGHT HIS SHIP TO THE VERY WALLS OF THE MORRO, WHILE THE SPANISH GARRISON AND THE INHABITANTS OF SAN JUAN LOOKED ON WITH DIVIDED EMOTIONS OF WELCOME AND HATRED.



THE PLUCKY LITTLE "MANGROVE" FIRES THE FINAL SHOT.

WHILE THE "MANGROVE" WAS ATTACKING THE "HERNAN CORTES" AND ANOTHER SPANISH GUN-BOAT, AND THE SHORE BATTERIES OF CAIBARIEN, AUGUST 14TH, THE WELCOME MESSAGE, "PEACE PROTOCOL SIGNED," RELIEVED THE "MANGROVE" FROM AN EMBARRASSING POSITION.—Drawn by our Special War Artist, F. C. Schell.




There's nothing in Ivory Soap but soap, good, pure vegetable oil soap. There's nothing to make the linens streaky, no alkali to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash-day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it in the next wash. The price places it within reach of every one. Look out for imitations.

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after a bath with

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It removes impurities and cures the disagreeable itching skin eruptions so common in the summer time.

CAUTION:—Glenn's Sulphur Soap (the only "original") is incomparable and wonderful in its remedial effects. Take no other. Of druggists.

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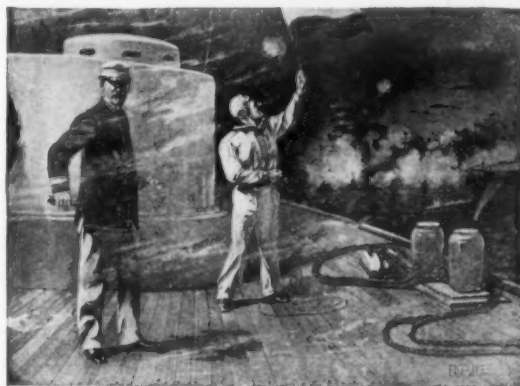
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NATIVES GATHERED ON THE PLAZA OR PUBLIC PARK AND WAITING TO WELCOME THE AMERICAN TROOPS.



VIEW OF PRINCIPAL STREET—THE CITY HALL ON THE LEFT.

PONCE, PORTO RICO, JUST AFTER ITS SURRENDER.

OUR VICTORIOUS TROOPS ENTERING THE CITY TO FIND A CORDIAL WELCOME.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS



WISE FOLKS TAKE THEM

COMFORT

secured by using the
**Improved Washburne
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applied to
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Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTH-
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the Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, the cities
of Richmond and Washington, and Mt. Vernon.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary ex-
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Each tour covers a period of eleven days, and will
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He will be assisted by an experienced lady as chap-
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Special trains of parlor-cars are provided for the
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round trip from New York is made.

For detailed itinerary apply to ticket-agents, or
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George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger
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EIGHT-DAY PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA
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The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged
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the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at
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Philadelphia; \$95 from Washington and Baltimore;
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The party will be accompanied by a tourist agent
and chaperon, and will travel in special Pullman
sleeping-cars.

For the benefit of those who may desire to remain
longer in Omaha, tickets will be made good to return
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I have had marked curative
results in the use of "Great Western
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back its vigor, and promoting appetite. One
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fully restored as to appetite and strength
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small glasses of the "Great Western"
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Observing this, I wish to inquire if you
have any literature on the subject of the
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particular case but in several others of a
like character where it has been put to the
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But it's worth all you pay for it.
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